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Philip.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.



HE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Towards modest

people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty

and arrogant: he was impatient of old stories: he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes' anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, "Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you, she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away,"—Miss Charlotte did not say how much she had to suffer when Philip was absent; how constantly her mother found fault with him; what a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the sufferings which his behaviour brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed towards him. She did not love Philip naturally; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year nineteen hundred; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth: I daresay I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that traveller who fell among the thieves grateful afterwards to the Samaritan who rescued him? He gave money certainly; but he didn't miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. O brother! may we help the fallen still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude!

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again, I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end, very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me "dear Edward;" works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, "Brown, my boy" (I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, "Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always;" and of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the city. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson is out of humour;—she always thought Kate might have done better. And in the midst of these doubts and delays, suppose JONES appears, who is older,

but of a better temper, a better family, and—plague on him!—twice as rich? What are engagements? What are promises? It is sometimes an affectionate mother's DUTY to break her promise, and that duty the resolute matron will do.

Then Edward is Edward no more, but Mr. Brown; or, worse still, nameless in the house. Then the knife and fork are removed from poor Kate's side, and she swallows her own sad meal in tears. Then if one of the little Thompsons says, artlessly, "Papa, I met Teddy Brown in Regent Street; he looked so——" "Hold your tongue, unfeeling wretch!" cries mamma. "Look at that dear child!" Kate is swooning. She has sal-volatile. The medical man is sent for. And presently—Charles Jones is taking Kate Thompson to dinner. Long voyages are dangerous; so are long courtships. In long voyages passengers perpetually quarrel (for that Mrs. General could vouch); in long courtships the same danger exists; and how much the more when in that latter ship you have a mother who is for ever putting in her oar! And then to think of the annoyance of that love voyage, when you and the beloved and beloved's papa, mamma, half a dozen brothers and sisters, are all in one cabin! For economy's sake the Bayneses had no sitting-room at madame's—for you could not call that room on the second floor a sitting-room which had two beds in it, and in which the young ones practised the piano, with poor Charlotte as their mistress. Philip's courting had to take place for the most part before the whole family; and to make love under such difficulties would have been horrible and maddening and impossible almost, only we have admitted that our young friends had little walks in the Champs Élysées; and then you must own that it must have been delightful for them to write each other perpetual little notes, which were delivered occultly under the very nose of papa and mamma, and in the actual presence of the other boarders at madame's, who, of course, never saw anything that was going on. Yes, those sly monkeya actually made little post-offices about the room. There was, for instance, the clock on the mantelpiece in the salon on which was carved the old French allegory, "*Le temps fait passer l'amour.*" One of those artful young people would pop a note into Time's boat, where you may be sure no one saw it. The trictrac board was another post-office. So was the drawer of the music-stand. So was the Sèvres china flower-pot, &c. &c.; to each of which repositories in its turn the lovers confided the delicious secrets of their wooing.

Have you ever looked at your love-letters to Darby, when you were courting, dear Joan? They are sacred pages to read. You have his tied up somewhere in a faded ribbon. You scarce need spectacles as you look at them. The hair grows black; the eyes moisten and brighten; the cheeks fill and blush again. I protest there is nothing so beautiful as Darby and Joan in the world. I hope Philip and his wife will be Darby and Joan to the end. I tell you they are married; and don't want to make any mysteries about the business. I disdain that

sort of artifice. In the days of the old three-volume novels, didn't you always look at the end, to see that Louisa and the earl (or young clergyman, as the case might be) were happy? If they died, or met with other grief, for my part I put the book away. This pair, then, are well; are married; are, I trust, happy: but before they married, and afterwards, they had great griefs and troubles; as no doubt you have had, dear sir or madam, since you underwent that ceremony. Married? Of course they are. Do you suppose I would have allowed little Charlotte to meet Philip in the Champs Élysées with only a giddy little boy of a brother for a companion, who would turn away to see Punch, Guignol, the soldiers marching by, the old woman's gingerbread and toffy stall and so forth? Do you, I say, suppose I would have allowed those two to go out together, unless they were to be married afterwards? Out walking together they did go; and, once, as they were arm-in-arm in the Champs Élysées, whom should they see in a fine open carriage but young Twysden and Captain and Mrs. Woolcombe, to whom, as they passed, Philip doffed his hat with a profound bow, and whom he further saluted with a roar of immense laughter. Woolcombe must have heard the peal. I daresay it brought a little blush into Mrs. Woolcombe's cheeks; and—and so, no doubt, added to the many attractions of that elegant lady. I have no secrets about my characters, and speak my mind about them quite freely. They said that Woolcombe was the most jealous, stingy, ostentatious, cruel little brute; that he led his wife a dismal life. Well? If he *did*? I'm sure, I don't care. "There is that swaggering bankrupt beggar Firmin!" cries the tawny bridegroom, biting his moustache. "Impudent ragged blackguard," says Twysden minor, "I saw him."

"Hadn't you better stop the carriage, and abuse him to himself, and not to me?" says Mrs. Woolcombe, languidly, flinging herself back on her cushions.

"Go on. Hang you! Ally! Vite!" cry the gentlemen in the carriage to the laquais de place on the box.

"I can fancy you don't care about seeing him," resumes Mrs. Woolcombe. "He has a violent temper, and I would not have you quarrel for the world." So I suppose Woolcombe again swears at the laquais de place: and the happy couple, as the saying is, roll away to the Bois de Boulogne.

"What makes you laugh so?" says little Charlotte, fondly, as she trips along by her lover's side.

"Because I am so happy, my dearest!" says the other, squeezing to his heart the little hand that lies on his arm. As he thinks on yonder woman, and then looks into the pure eager face of the sweet girl beside him, the scornful laughter occasioned by the sudden meeting which is just over hushes;—and an immense feeling of thankfulness fills the breast of the young man:—thankfulness for the danger from which he has escaped, and for the blessed prize which has fallen to him.

But Mr. Philip's walks were not to be all as pleasant as this walk; and we are now coming to a history of wet, slippery roads, bad times, and winter weather. All I can promise about this gloomy part is, that it shall not be a long story. You will acknowledge we made very short work with the love-making, which I give you my word I consider to be the very easiest part of the novel-writer's business. As those rapturous scenes between the captain and the heroine are going on, a writer who knows his business may be thinking about anything else—about the ensuing chapter, or about what he is going to have for dinner, or what you will; therefore, as we passed over the raptures and joys of the courting so very curtly, you must please to gratify me by taking the grief in a very short measure. If our young people are going to suffer, let the pain be soon over. Sit down in the chair, Miss Baynes, if you please, and you, Mr. Firmin, in this. Allow me to examine you; just open your mouth, if you please; and—oh, oh, my dear miss—there it is out! A little eau-de-Cologne and water, my dear. And now, Mr. Firmin, if you please, we will—what fangs! what a big one! Two guineas. Thank you. Good morning. Come to me once a year. John, show in the next party. About the ensuing painful business, then, I protest I don't intend to be much longer occupied than the humane and dexterous operator to whom I have made so bold as to liken myself. If my pretty Charlotte is to have a tooth out, it shall be removed as gently as possible, poor dear. As for Philip, and his great red-bearded jaw, I don't care so much if the tug makes *him* roar a little. And yet they remain, they remain and throb in after life, those wounds of early days. Have I not said how, as I chanced to walk with Mr. Firmin in Paris, many years after the domestic circumstances here recorded, he paused before the window of that house near the Champs Élysées where Madame Smolensk once held her *pension*, shook his fist at a *jalousie* of the now dingy and dilapidated mansion, and intimated to me that he had undergone severe sufferings in the chamber lighted by yonder window? So have we all suffered; so, very likely, my dear young miss or master who peruses this modest page, will you have to suffer in your time. You will not die of the operation, most probably: but it is painful: it makes a gap in the mouth, *voyez-vous?* and years and years, maybe, after, as you think of it, the smart is renewed, and the dismal tragedy enacts itself over again.

Philip liked his little maiden to go out, to dance, to laugh, to be admired, to be happy. In her artless way she told him of her balls, her ten-parties, her pleasures, her partners. In a girl's first little season nothing escapes her. Have you not wondered to hear them tell about the events of the evening, about the dresses of the dowagers, about the compliments of the young men, about the behaviour of the girls, and what not?

Little Charlotte used to enact the over-night's comedy for Philip, pouring out her young heart in her prattle as her little feet skipped by his side. And to hear Philip roar with laughter! It would have

done you good. You might have heard him from the Obelisk to the Étoile. People turned round to look at him, and shrugged their shoulders wonderingly, as good-natured French folks will do. How could a man who had been lately ruined, a man who had just been disappointed of a great legacy from the earl his great uncle, a man whose boots were in that lamentable condition, laugh so, and have such high spirits? To think of such an impudent ragged blackguard, as Ringwood Twysden called his cousin, daring to be happy! The fact is, that clap of laughter smote those three Twysden people like three boxes on the ear, and made all their cheeks tingle and blush at once. At Philip's merriment, clouds which had come over Charlotte's sweet face would be chased away. As she clung to him doubts which throbbed at the girl's heart would vanish. When she was acting those scenes of the past night's entertainment, she was not always happy. As she talked and prattled, her own spirits would rise; and hope and natural joy would spring in her heart again, and come flushing up to her cheek. Charlotte was being a hypocrite, as, thank Heaven, all good women sometimes are. She had griefs: she hid them from him. She had doubts and fears: they fled when he came in view, and she clung to his strong arm, and looked in his honest blue eyes. She did not tell him of those painful nights when her eyes were wakeful and tearful. A yellow old woman in a white jacket, with a nightcap and a night-light, would come, night after night, to the side of her little bed; and there stand, and with her grim voice bark against Philip. That old woman's lean finger would point to all the rents in poor Philip's threadbare paletot of a character—point to the holes and tear them wider open. She would stamp on those muddy boots. She would throw up her peaked nose at the idea of the poor fellow's pipe—his pipe, his great companion and comforter when his dear little mistress was away. She would discourse on the partners of the night; the evident attentions of this gentleman, the politeness and high breeding of that.

And when that dreary nightly torture was over, and Charlotte's mother had left the poor child to herself, sometimes Madame Smolensk, sitting up over her ledgers and bills, and wakeful with her own cares, would steal up and console poor Charlotte; and bring her some tisane, excellent for the nerves; and talk to her about—about the subject of which Charlotte best liked to hear. And though Smolensk was civil to Mrs. Baynes in the morning, as her professional duty obliged her to be, she has owned that she often felt a desire to strangle Madame la Générale for her conduct to her little angel of a daughter; and all because Monsieur Philippe smells the pipe, parbleu! "What? a family that owes you the bread which they eat; and they draw back for a pipe! The cowards, the cowards! A soldier's daughter is not afraid of it. Merci! Tenez, M. Philippe," she said to our friend when matters came to an extremity. "Do you know what in your place I would do? To a Frenchman I would not say so; that understands itself. But these things

make themselves otherwise in England. I have no money, but I have a cachemire. Take him; and if I were you, I would make a little voyage to Gretna Grin."

And now, if you please, we will quit the Champs Elysées. We will cross the road from madame's boarding-house. We will make our way into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and actually enter a gate over which the L-on, the Un-c-rn, and the R-y-l Cr-wn and A-ms of the Three K-ngd-ms are sculptured, and going under the porte-cochère, and turning to the right, ascend a little stair, and ask of the attendant on the landing, who is in the chancellerie? The attendant says, that several of those *messieurs y sont*. In fact, on entering the room, you find Mr. Motcomb, —let us say—Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Halkin, and our young friend Mr. Walsingham Hely, seated at their respective tables in the midst of considerable smoke. Smoking in the midst of these gentlemen, and bestriding his chair, as though it were his horse, sits that gallant young Irish chieftain, The O'Rourke. Some of the gentlemen are copying, in a large handwriting, despatches on foolscap paper. I would rather be torn to pieces by O'Rourke's wildest horses, than be understood to hint at what those despatches, at what those despatch-boxes contain. Perhaps they contain some news from the Court of Spain, where some intrigues are carried on, a knowledge of which would make your hair start off your head; perhaps that box, for which a messenger is waiting in a neighbouring apartment, has locked up twenty-four yards of Chantilly lace for Lady Belweather, and six new French farces for Tom Tiddler of the Foreign Office, who is mad about the theatre. It is years and years ago; how should I know what there is in those despatch-boxes?

But the work, whatever it may be, is not very pressing—for there is only Mr. Chesham—did I say Chesham before, by the way? You may call him Mr. Sloanestreet if you like. There is only Chesham (and he always takes things to the grand serious) who seems to be much engaged in writing; and the conversation goes on.

"Who gave it?" asks Motcomb.

"The black man, of course, gave it. We would not pretend to compete with such a long purse as his. You should have seen what faces he made at the bill! Thirty francs a bottle for Rhine wine. He grinned with the most horrible agony when he read the addition. He almost turned yellow. He sent away his wife early. How long that girl was hanging about London; and think of her hooking a millionaire at last! Othello is a frightful screw, and diabolically jealous of his wife."

"What is the name of the little man who got so dismally drunk, and began to cry about old Ringwood?"

"Twysden—the woman's brother. Don't you know Humbug Twysden, the father? The youth is more offensive than the parent."

"A most disgusting little beast. Would come to the Variétés, because we said we were going: would go to Lamoignon's, where the Russians gave a dance and a lansquenet. Why didn't you come, Hely?"

Mr. Hely.—I tell you I hate the whole thing. Those painted old actresses give me the horrors. What do I want with winning Motcomb's money who hasn't got any? Do you think it gives me any pleasure to dance with old Caradol? She puts me in mind of my grandmother—only she is older. Do you think I want to go and see that insane old Boutzoff leering at Corinne and Palmyrine, and making a group of three old women together? I wonder how you fellows can go on. Aren't you tired of truffles and *écrévises à la Bordelaise*; and those old opera people, whose withered old carcases are stuffed with them?

The O'R.—There was Cérissette, I give ye me honour. Ye never saw. She fell asleep in her cheer—

Mr. Lowndes.—In her *what*, O'R.?

The O'R.—Well, in her CHAIR then! And Figaroff smayred her fecees all over with the craym out of a Charlotte Roose. She's a regular bird and mustache, you know, Cérissette has.

Mr. Hely.—Charlotte, Charlotte! Oh! (*He clutches his hair madly. His elbows are on the table.*)

Mr. Lowndes.—It's that girl he meets at the tea-parties, where he goes to be admired.

Mr. Hely.—It is better to drink tea than, like you fellows, to muddle what brains you have with bad champagne. It is better to look, and to hear, and to see, and to dance with a modest girl, than, like you fellows, to be capering about in taverns with painted old hags like that old Cérissette, who has got a face like a *pomme cuite*, and who danced before Lord Malmesbury at the Peace of Amiens. She did, I tell you; and before Napoleon.

Mr. Chesham.—(*Looks up from his writing.*)—There was no Napoleon then. It's of no consequence, but—

Lowndes.—Thank you, I owe you one. You're a most valuable man, Chesham, and a credit to your father and mother.

Mr. Chesham.—Well, the First Consul was Bonaparte.

Lowndes.—I am obliged to you. I say I am obliged to you, Chesham, and if you would like any refreshment order it *meis eumptibus*, old boy—at my expense.

Chesham.—These fellows will never be serious. (*He resumes his writing.*)

Hely.—(*Iterum, but very low.*)—Oh, Charlotte, Char—

Mr. Lowndes.—Hely is raving about that girl—that girl with the horrible old mother in yellow, don't you remember? and old father—good old military party, in a shabby old coat—who was at the last ball. What was the name? O'Rourke, what is the rhyme for Baynes?

The O'R.—*Pays*, and be hanged to you. You're always makin fun on me, you little cockney!

Mr. Motcomb.—Hely was just as bad about the Danish girl. You know, Walse, you composed ever so many verses to her, and wrote home to your mother to ask leave to marry her!

The O'R.—I'd think him big enough to marry without anybody's leave—only they wouldn't have him because he's so ugly.

Mr. Hely.—Very good, O'Rourke. Very neat and good. You were diverting the company with an anecdote. Will you proceed?

The O'R.—Well, then, the C  risette had been dancing both on and off the stage till she was dead tired, I suppose, and so she fell dead asleep, and Figaroff, taking the whatdyecall'em out of the Charlotte Roose, smayred her face all—

Voice without.—Deet Mosho RINGWOOD TWYSDEN, sivoplay, poor l'honorable Moshoo Lownds!

Servant.—Monsieur TWYSDEN!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Lowndes, how are you?

Mr. Lowndes.—Very well, thank you; how are you?

Mr. Hely.—Lowndes is uncommonly brilliant to-day.

Mr. Twysden.—Not the worse for last night? Some of us were a little elevated, I think!

Mr. Lowndes.—Some of us quite the reverse. (Little cad, what does he want? Elevated! he couldn't keep his little legs!)

Mr. Twysden.—Eh! Smoking, I see. Thank you. I very seldom do—but as you are so kind—puff. Eh—uncommonly handsome person that, eh—Madame C  risette.

The O'R.—Thank ye for telling us.

Mr. Lowndes.—If she meets with *your* applause, Mr. Twysden, I should think Mademoiselle C  risette is all right.

The O'R.—Maybe they'd raise her salary if ye told her.

Mr. Twysden.—Heh—I see you're chaffing me. We have a good deal of that kind of thing in Somerset—in our—in—hem! This tobacco is a little strong. I *am* a little shaky this morning. Who, by the way, is that Prince Boutzoff who played lansquenet with us? Is he one of the Livonian Boutzoffs, or one of the Hessian Boutzoffs? I remember at my poor uncle's, Lord Ringwood, meeting a Prince Blucher de Boutzoff, something like this man, by the way. You knew my poor uncle?

Mr. Lowndes.—Dined with him here three months ago at the "Trois Fr  res."

Mr. Twysden.—Been at Whipham, I daresay? I was bred up there. It was said once that I was to have been his heir. He was very fond of me. He was my godfather.

The O'R.—Then he gave you a mug, and it wasn't a beauty (*sotto voce*).

Mr. Twysden.—You said somethin? I was speaking of Whipham, Mr. Lowndes—one of the finest places in England, I should say, except Chatsworth, you know, and *that* sort of thing. My grandfather built it—I mean my *great* grandfather, for I'm of the Ringwood family.

Mr. Lowndes.—Then was Lord Ringwood your grandfather, or your grand godfather.

Mr. Twysden.—He! he! My mother was his own niece. My grandfather was his own brother, and I am —

Mr. Lowndes.—Thank you. I see now.

Mr. Halkin.—Das ist sehr interessant. Ich versichere ihnen das ist SEHR interessant.

Mr. Twysden.—Said somethin? (This cigar is really—I'll throw it away, please.) I was sayin that at Whipham, where I was bred up, we would be forty at dinner, and as many more in the upper servants' hall.

Mr. Lowndes.—And you dined in the—you had pretty good dinners?

Mr. Twysden.—A French chef. Two aids, besides turtle from town. Two or three regular cooks on the establishment, besides kitchen-maids, roasters, and that kind of thing, you understand. How many have you here now? In Lord Estridge's kitchen you can't do, I should say, at least without,—let me see—why, in *our* small way—and if you come to London my father will be dev'lish glad to see you—we—

Mr. Lowndes.—How is Mrs. Woolcombe this morning? That was a fair dinner Woolcombe gave us yesterday.

Mr. Twysden.—He has plenty of money, plenty of money. I hope, Lowndes, when you come to town—the first time you come, mind—to give you a hearty welcome and some of my father's old por—

Mr. Hely.—Will nobody kick this little beast out?

Servant.—Monsieur Chesham peut-il voir M. Firmin?

Mr. Chesham.—Certainly. Come in, Firmin!

Mr. Twysden.—Mr. Fearmang—Mr. Fir—*Mr. who?* You don't mean to say you receive *that* fellow, Mr. Chesham?

Mr. Chesham.—What fellow? and what do you mean, Mr. Whatdy-callem?

Mr. Twysden.—That blackg—oh—that is, I—I beg your—

Mr. Firmin (entering and going up to Mr. Chesham).—I say, give me a bit of news of to-day. What you were saying about that—hum and hum and haw—mayn't I have it? (*He is talking confidentially with Mr. Chesham, when he sees Mr. Twysden.*) What! you have got *that* little cad here?

Mr. Lowndes.—You know Mr. Twysden, Mr. Firmin? He was just speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? So much the worse for me.

Mr. Twysden.—Sir! We don't speak. You've no right to speak to me in this manner! Don't speak to me: and I won't speak to you, sir—there! Good morning, Mr. Lowndes! Remember your promise to come and dine with us when you come to town. And—one word—(*he holds Mr. Lowndes by the button. By the way, he has very curious resemblances to Twysden senior*)—we shall be here for ten days certainly. I think Lady Estridge has something next week. I have left our cards, and—

Mr. Lowndes.—Take care. *He* will be there (*pointing to Mr. Firmin*).

Mr. Twysden.—What? *That* beggar? You don't mean to say Lord Estridge will receive such a fellow as—Good-bye, good-bye! (*Exit Mr. Twysden.*)

Mr. Firmin.—I caught that little fellow's eye. He's my cousin, you know. We have had a quarrel. I am sure he was speaking about me.

Mr. Lowndes.—Well, now you mention it, he *was* speaking about you.

Mr. Firmin.—Was he? Then *don't believe him*, Mr. Lowndes. That is my advice.

Mr. Hely (at his desk composing).—"Maiden of the blushing cheek, maiden of the—oh, Charlotte, Char—" he bites his pen and dashes off rapid rhymes on government paper.

Mr. Firmin.—What does he say? He said Charlotte.

Mr. Lowndes.—He is always in love and breaking his heart, and he puts it into poems; he wraps it up in paper, and falls in love with somebody else. Sit down and smoke a cigar, won't you?

Mr. Firmin.—Can't stay. Must make up my letter. We print to-morrow.

Mr. Lowndes.—Who wrote that article pitching into Peel?

Firmin.—Family secret—can't say—good-bye. (*Exit Mr. Firmin.*)

Mr. Chesham.—In my opinion a most ill-advised and intemperate article. That journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, indulges in a very needless acrimony, I think.

Mr. Lowndes.—Chesham does not like to call a spade a spade. He calls it a horticultural utensil. You have a great career before you, Chesham. You have a wisdom and gravity beyond your years. You bore us slightly, but we all respect you—we do indeed. What was the text at Church last Sunday? Oh, by the way, Hely, you little miscreant, you were at church!

Mr. Chesham.—You need not blush, Hely. I am not a joking man: but this kind of jesting does not strike me as being particularly amusing, Lowndes.

Mr. Lowndes.—You go to church because you are good, because your aunt was a bishop or something. But Hely goes because he is a little miscreant. You hypocritical little beggar, you got yourself up as if you were going to a *déjeuné*, and you had your hair curled, and you were seen singing out of the same hymn-book with that pretty Miss Baynes, you little wheedling sinner; and you walked home with the family—my sisters saw you—to a boarding-house where they live—by Jove! you did. And I'll tell your mother!

Mr. Chesham.—I wish you would not make such a noise, and let me do my work, Lowndes. You—

Here Asmodeus whisks us out of the room, and we lose the rest of the young men's conversation. But enough has been overheard, I think, to show what direction young Mr. Hely's thoughts had taken. Since he was seventeen years of age (at the time when we behold him he may be twenty-three) this romantic youth has been repeatedly in love: with his elderly tutor's daughter, of course; with a young haberdasher at the University; with his sister's confidential friend; with the blooming young Danish beauty last year; and now, I very much fear, a young acquaintance of ours has attracted the attention of this imaginative Don Juan. Whenever Hely is in love, he fancies his passion will last for ever, makes

a confidant of the first person at hand, weeps plentifully, and writes reams of verses. Do you remember how in a previous chapter we told you that Mrs. Tuffin was determined she would *not* ask Philip to her *soirées*, and declared him to be a forward and disagreeable young man? She was glad enough to receive young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curls, and his flower in his button-hole; and Hely, being then in hot pursuit of one of the tall Miss Blacklocks, went to Mrs. Tuffin's, was welcomed there with all the honours; and there, fluttering away from Miss Blacklock, our butterfly lighted on Miss Baynes. Now Miss Baynes would have danced with a mopstick, she was so fond of dancing: and Hely, who had practised in a thousand Chaumières, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dance-room then in vogue), was a most amiable, agile, and excellent partner. And she told Philip next day what a nice little partner she had found—poor Philip, who was not asked to that paradise of a party. And Philip said that he knew the little man; that he believed he was rich; that he wrote pretty little verses:—in a word, Philip, in his leonine ways, regarded little Hely as a lion regards a lapdog.

Now this little slyboots had a thousand artful little ways. He had a very keen sensibility and a fine taste, which was most readily touched by innocence and beauty. He had tears, I won't say at command; for they were under no command, and gushed from his fine eyes in spite of himself. Charlotte's innocence and freshness smote him with a keen pleasure. Bon Dieu! What was that great, tall Miss Blacklock who had tramped through a thousand ball-rooms, compared to this artless, happy creature? He danced away from Miss Blacklock and after Charlotte the moment he saw our young friend; and the Blacklocks, who knew all about him, and his money, and his mother, and his expectations—who had his verses in their poor album, by whose carriage he had capered day after day in the Bois de Boulogne—stood scowling and deserted, as this young fellow danced off with that Miss Baynes, who lived in a boarding-house, and came to parties in a cab with her horrid old mother! The Blacklocks were as though they were not henceforth for Mr. Hely. They asked him to dinner. Bless my soul, he utterly forgot all about it! He never came to their box on their night at the opera. Not one twinge of remorse had he. Not one pang of remembrance. If he *did* remember them, it was when they bored him, like those tall tragic women in black who are always coming in their great long trains to sing sermons to Don Juan. Ladies, your name is down in his lordship's catalogue; his servant has it; and you, Miss Anna, are number one thousand and three.

But as for Miss Charlotte, that is a different affair. What innocence! What a *fraicheur*! What a merry good humour! Don Slyboots is touched, he is tenderly interested: her artless voice thrills through his frame; he trembles as he waltzes with her; as his fine eyes look at her, psha! what is that film coming over them? O Slyboots, Slyboots! And as she has nothing to conceal, she has told him all he wants to know

before long. This is her first winter in Paris: her first season of coming out. She has only been to two balls before, and two plays and an opera. And her father met Mr. Hely at Lord Trim's. That was her father playing at whist. And they lived at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house in the Champs Elysées. And they had been to Mr. Dash's, and to Mrs. Blank's, and she believed they were going to Mrs. Star's on Friday. And did they go to church? Of course they went to church, to the Rue d'Aguesseau, or wherever it might be. And Slyboots went to church next Sunday. You may perhaps guess to what church. And he went the Sunday after. And he sang his own songs, accompanying himself on the guitar at his lodgings. And he sang elsewhere. And he had a very pretty little voice, Slyboots had. I believe those poems under the common title of "Gretchen" in our Walsingham's charming volume were all inspired by Miss Baynes. He began to write about her and himself the very first night after seeing her. He smoked cigarettes and drank green tea. He looked so pale—so pale and sad that he quite pitied himself in the looking-glass in his apartments in the Rue Miroménil. And he compared himself to a wrecked mariner, and to a grave, and to a man entranced and brought to life. And he cried quite freely and satisfactorily by himself. And he went to see his mother and sister next day at the Hôtel de la Terrasse; and cried to them and said he was in love this time for ever and ever. And his sister called him a goose. And after crying he ate an uncommonly good dinner. And he took every one into his confidence, as he always did whenever he was in love: always telling, always making verses, and always crying. As for Miss Blacklock, he buried the dead body of that love deep in the ocean of his soul. The waves engulfed Miss B. The ship rolled on. The storm went down. And the stars rose, and the dawn was in his soul, &c. Well, well! The mother was a vulgar woman, and I am glad you are out of it. And what sort of people are General Baynes and Mrs. Baynes?

"Oh, delightful people! Most distinguished officer, the father; modest—doesn't say a word. The mother, a most lively, brisk, agreeable woman. You must go and see her, ma'am. I desire you'll go immediately."

"And leave cards with P. P. C. for the Miss Blacklocks!" says Miss Hely, who was a plain, lively person. And both mother and sister spoiled this young Hely; as women ought always to spoil a son, a brother, a father, husband, grandfather—any male relative, in a word.

To see this spoiled son married was the good-natured mother's fond prayer. An eldest son had died a rake; a victim to too much money, pleasure, idleness. The widowed mother would give anything to save this one from the career through which the elder had passed. The young man would be one day so wealthy, that she knew many and many a schemer would try and entrap him. Perhaps, she had been made to marry his father because he was rich; and she remembered the gloom

and wretchedness of her own union. Oh, that she could see her son out of temptation, and the husband of an honest girl! It was the young lady's first season? So much the more likely that she should be unworldly. "The general—don't you remember a nice old gentleman—in a—well, in a wig—that day we dined at Lord Trim's, when that horrible old Lord Ringwood was there? That was General Baynes; and he broke out so enthusiastically in defence of a poor young man—Dr. Firmin's son—who was a bad man, I believe; but I shall never have confidence in another doctor again, that I shan't. And we'll call on these people, Fanny. Yes, in a brown wig—the general, I perfectly well remember him, and Lord Trim said he was a most distinguished officer. And I have no doubt his wife will be a most agreeable person. Those generals' wives who have travelled over the world must have acquired a quantity of delightful information. At a boarding-house, are they? I daresay very pleasant and amusing. And we'll drive there and call on them immediately."

On that day, as Macgrigor and Moira Baynes were disporting in the little front garden of Madame Smolensk's, I think Moira was just about to lick Macgrigor, when his fratricidal hand was stopped by the sight of a large yellow carriage—a large London dowager family carriage—from which descended a large London family footman, with side-locks begrimed with powder, with calves such as only belong to large London family footmen, and with cards in his hand. "Ceci Madam Smolensk?" says the large menial. "Oui," says the boy, nodding his head; on which the footman was puzzled, for he thought from his readiness in the use of the French language that the boy was a Frenchman.

"Ici demure General Bang?" continued the man.

"Hand us over the cards, John. Not at home," said the young gentleman.

"Who ain't at 'ome?" inquired the menial.

"General Baynes, my father, ain't at home. He shall have the paste-board when he comes in. Mrs. Hely. Oh, Mac, it's the same name as that young swell who called the other day! Ain't at home, John. Gone out to pay some visits. Had a fly on purpose. Gone out with my sister. 'Pon my word, they have, John." And from this accurate report of the boy's behaviour, I fear that the young Baynes must have been brought up at a classical and commercial academy, where economy was more studied than politeness.

Philip comes trudging up to dinner, and as this is not his post day, arrives early; hoping, perhaps, for a walk with Miss Charlotte, or a coze in Madame Smolensk's little private room. He finds the two boys in the forecourt; and they have Mrs. Hely's cards in their hand; and they narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with the flower in his button-hole, who came the other day on such a jolly horse. Yes. And he was at church last Sunday, Philip, and he gave Charlotte a hymn-book. And he sang:

he sang like the piper who played before Moses, pa said. And ma said it was wicked, but it wasn't : only pa's fun, you know. And ma said you never came to church. Why don't you?

Philip had no taint of jealousy in his magnanimous composition, and would as soon have accused Charlotte of flirting with other men as of stealing madame's silver spoons. "So you have had some fine visitors," he says, as the fly drives up. "I remember that rich Mrs. Hely, a patient of my father's. My poor mother used to drive to her house."

"Oh, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Hely, Philip!" cries Miss Charlotte, not heeding the scowls of her mother, who is nodding and beckoning angrily to the girl.

"You never once mentioned him. He is one of the greatest dandies about Paris : quite a lion," remarks Philip.

"Is he? What a funny little lion! I never thought about him," says Miss Charlotte, quite simply. Oh, ingratitude! ingratitude! And we have told how Mr. Walsingham was crying his eyes out for her.

"She never thought about him?" cries Mrs. Baynes, quite eagerly.

"The piper, is it, you're talking about?" asks papa. "I called him Piper, you see, because he piped so sweetly at ch— Well, my love?"

Mrs. Baynes was nudging her general at this moment. She did not wish that the piper should form the subject of conversation, I suppose.

"The piper's mother is very rich, and the piper will inherit after her. She has a fine house in London. She gives very fine parties. She drives in a great carriage, and she has come to call upon you, and ask you to her balls, I suppose."

Mrs. Baynes was delighted at this call. And when she said, "I'm sure I don't value fine people, or their fine parties, or their fine carriages, but I wish that my dear child should see the world,"—I don't believe a word which Mrs. Baynes said. She was much more pleased than Charlotte at the idea of visiting this fine lady ; or else, why should she have coaxed, and wheedled, and been so particularly gracious to the general all the evening? She wanted a new gown. The truth is, her yellow was very shabby ; whereas Charlotte, in plain white muslin, looked pretty enough to be able to dispense with the aid of any French milliner. I fancy a consultation with madame and Mrs. Bunch. I fancy a fly ordered, and a visit to the milliner's the next day. And when the pattern of the gown is settled with the milliner, I fancy the terror on Mrs. Baynes's wizened face when she ascertains the amount of the bill. To do her justice, the general's wife had spent little upon her own homely person. She chose her gowns ugly, but cheap. There were so many backs to clothe in that family that the thrifty mother did not heed the decoration of her own.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE TU CHOREAS.



Y DEAR,"

Mrs. Baynes said to her daughter, "you are going out a great deal in the world now. You will go to a great number of places where poor Philip cannot hope to be admitted."

"Not admit Philip, mamma! then I'm sure I don't want to go," cries the girl.

"Time enough to leave off going to parties when you can't afford it and marry him. When I was a lieutenant's wife, I didn't go to any parties out of the regiment, my dear!"

"Oh, then, I am sure I shall *never* want to go out!" Charlotte declares.

"You fancy he will always stop at home, I daresay. Men are not all so domestic as your papa. Very few love to stop at home like him. Indeed, I may say that I have made his home comfortable. But one thing is clear, my child. Philip can't always expect to go where we go. He is not in the position in life. Recollect, your father is a general officer, C.B., and may be K.C.B. soon, and your mother is a general officer's lady. We may go anywhere. I might have gone to the drawing-room at home if I chose. Lady Biggs would have been delighted to present me. Your aunt has been to the drawing-room, and she is only Mrs. Major MacWhirter; and most absurd it was of Mac to let her go. But she rules him in everything, and they have no children. I have, goodness knows! I sacrifice myself for my children. You little know what I deny myself for my children. I said to Lady Biggs, 'No,

Lady Biggs; my husband may go. He should go. He has his uniform, and it will cost him nothing except a fly and a bouquet for the man who drives; but *I* will not spend money on myself for the hire of diamonds and feathers, and, though I yield in loyalty to *no* person, I daresay my Sovereign *won't miss me.* And I don't think her Majesty did. She has other things to think of besides Mrs. General Baynes, I suppose. She is a mother, and can appreciate a mother's sacrifices for her children."

If I have not hitherto given you detailed reports of Mrs. General Baynes' conversation, I don't think, my esteemed reader, you will be very angry.

"Now, child," the general's lady continued, "let me warn you not to talk much to Philip about those places which you go to without him, and to which his position in life does not allow of his coming. Hide anything from him? Oh, dear, no! Only for his own good, you understand. I don't tell everything to your papa. I should only worrit him and vex him. When anything will please him and make him happy, *then* I tell him. And about Philip. Philip, I must say it, my dear—I must as a mother say it—has his faults. He is an *envious* man. Don't look shocked. He thinks very well of himself; and having been a great deal spoiled, and made too much of in his unhappy father's time, he is so proud and haughty that he *forgets his position*, and thinks he ought to live with the highest society. Had Lord Ringwood left him a fortune, as Philip *led us to expect* when we gave our consent to this most unlucky match—for that my dear child should marry a beggar *is* most unlucky and most deplorable; I can't help saying so, Charlotte,—if I were on my deathbed I couldn't help saying so; and I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of him.—There! Don't go off in one of your tantrums! What was I saying, pray? I say that Philip is in *no* position, or rather in a very, very humble one, which—a mere newspaper-writer and a subaltern too—everybody acknowledges to be. And if he hears us talking about our parties to which we have a right to go—to which you have a right to go with your mother, a general officer's lady—why, he'll be offended. He won't like to hear about them and think he can't be invited; and you had better not talk about them at all, or about the people you meet, you dance with. At Mrs. Hely's you may dance with Lord Headbury, the ambassador's son. And if you tell Philip he will be offended. He will say that you boast about it. When I was only a lieutenant's wife at Barrackpore, Mrs. Captain Capers used to go to Calcutta to the Government House balls. I didn't go. But I was offended, and I used to say that Flora Capers gave herself airs, and was always boasting of her intimacy with the Marchioness of Hastings. We don't like our equals to be better off than ourselves. Mark my words. And if you talk to Philip about the people whom you meet in society, and whom he can't from his unfortunate station expect to know, you will offend him. That was why I nudged you to-day when you were going on about Mr. Hely. Anything so absurd! I saw Philip getting angry at once, and biting his moustaches, as he always does when he is angry—

and swears quite out loud—so vulgar ! There ! you are going to be angry again, my love ; I never saw anything like you ! Is this my Charly who never was angry ? I know the world, dear, and you don't. Look at me, how I manage your papa, and I tell you don't talk to Philip about things which offend him ! Now, dearest, kiss your poor old mother who loves you. Go upstairs and bathe your eyes, and come down happy to dinner." And at dinner Mrs. General Baynes was uncommonly gracious to Philip : and when gracious she was especially odious to Philip, whose magnanimous nature accommodated itself ill to the wheedling artifices of an ill-bred old woman.

Following this wretched mother's advice, my poor Charlotte spoke scarcely at all to Philip of the parties to which she went, and the amusements which she enjoyed without him. I daresay Mrs. Baynes was quite happy in thinking that she was "guiding" her child rightly. As if a coarse woman, because she is mean, and greedy, and hypocritical, and fifty years old, has a right to lead a guileless nature into wrong ! Ah ! if some of us old folks were to go to school to our children, I am sure, madam, it would do us a great deal of good. There is a fund of good sense and honourable feeling about my great-grandson Tommy, which is more valuable than all his grandpapa's experience and knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world forsooth ! Compromise, selfishness modified, and double dealing ! Tom disdains a lie : when he wants a peach, he roars for it. If his mother wishes to go to a party, she coaxes, and wheedles, and manages, and smirks, and curtsies for months, in order to get her end ; takes twenty rebuffs, and comes up to the scratch again smiling ;—and this woman is for ever lecturing her daughters, and preaching to her sons upon virtue, honesty, and moral behaviour !

Mrs. Hely's little party at the Hôtel de la Terrasse was very pleasant and bright ; and Miss Charlotte enjoyed it, although her swain was not present. But Philip was pleased that his little Charlotte should be happy. She beheld with wonderment Parisian duchesses, American millionnaires, dandies from the embassies, deputies and peers of France with large stars and wigs like papa. She gaily described her party to Philip ; described, that is to say, everything but her own success, which was undoubted. There were many beauties at Mrs. Hely's, but nobody fresher or prettier. The Miss Blacklocks retired very early and in the worst possible temper. Prince Slyboots did not in the least heed their going away. His thoughts were all fixed upon little Charlotte. Charlotte's mamma saw the impression which the girl made, and was filled with a hungry joy. Good-natured Mrs. Hely complimented her on her daughter. "Thank God, she is as good as she is pretty," said the mother, I am sure speaking seriously this time regarding her daughter. Prince Slyboots danced with scarce anybody else. He raised a perfect whirlwind of compliments round about her. She was quite a simple person, and did not understand one-tenth part of what he said to her. He strewed her path with roses of pösey : he scattered garlands of sentiment before her all the way from the

ante-chamber downstairs, and so to the fly which was in waiting to take her and her parents home to the boarding-house. "By George, Charlotte, I think you have smitten that fellow," cried the general, who was infinitely amused by young Hely—his raptures, his affectations, his long hair, and what Baynes called his low dress. A slight white tape and a ruby button confined Hely's neck. His hair waved over his shoulders. Baynes had never seen such a specimen. At the mess of the stout 120th, the lads talked of their dogs, horses, and sport. A young civilian, smattering in poetry, chattering in a dozen languages, scented, smiling, perfectly at ease with himself and the world, was a novelty to the old officer.

And now the Queen's birthday arrived—and that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all the contributors and all the readers of this Magazine—and with it his Excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honour of his sovereign. A card for their ball was left at Madame Smolensk's, for General, Mrs., and Miss Baynes; and no doubt Monsieur Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the general's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged on him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby: and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cape à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trousers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and "faith," says he, "my face follows suit." A brave, silent man was Baynes; with a twinkle of humour in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity, Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routs, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn, hypocritical politeness, caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-parties then: his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I cannot say how old his dress-coat was at the time of which we are writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waist-coat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I daresay was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, whilst he himself, poor simple fellow, was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the

most splendid reach-me-down dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. "No," thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining-house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailors' shops, with his hands in his pockets. "My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing." And under this delusion the honest fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV., and strutted up the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Hotel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hotel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves! Why had not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop, whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart; and now as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochère*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents, as red as raw beefsteaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. "And there's that hole in my boot, too," thought Phil; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For awhile his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group; but now—ah! now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks: and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different colour. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms: they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their curtsies to the ambassadress. Confusion! With a great rip, the thumb of one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand: a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's

eyes glance towards her favourite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. "And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got," says Mrs. Baynes. "*Comme il est bien ganté!* A gentleman ought to be always well gloved."

"Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous-shop?" says poor Phil, looking at his tattered hand-shoes, and red obtrusive thumb.

"Oh, you!"—(here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders.) "Your hands would burst through any gloves! How do you do, Mr. Hely! Is your mamma here? Of course she is! What a delightful party she gave us! The dear ambassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure; and Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman!"

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged? "As many as ever you like!" cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little dancing-master, and never thought of him except as a partner. "Oh, too much happiness! Oh, that this could last for ever!" sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. "For ever?" cries Charlotte, laughing. "I'm very fond of dancing, indeed. And you dance beautifully. But I don't know that I should like to dance for ever." Ere the words are over, he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odours as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin—and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter, though standing still, than young Hely who was dancing. "He! he! I compliment you on your gloves, and your handkerchief, I'm sure," sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Has it not been said that a bull is a strong, courageous, and noble animal, but a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? "There you go. Thank you! I wish you'd go somewhere else," cries Mrs. Baynes in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red he is! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure: and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the centre of all joy and pleasure for him, when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him,

erying, "Get out of the way, hang you!" and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of that season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature pumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lingered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the gold sprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heart-rending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibus hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright, and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the saloons, galleries, supper-rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company, for the most part, assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and particoloured lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and that he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat; but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well. He went into the garden: and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—Moses in the Bulrushes, let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste;—near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and to excite himself with other persons' liquor. He had been drinking the Sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcombe, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight, and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndea.

"I owed him one, you see, Lowndes," said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. "I hate the fellow! Hang him, always did! I saw the great hulkin brute standin there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honour, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad! What business had he there, hang him? Gad, sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into . . .

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end: for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustachios.

"Hullo!" piped the other. "Who wants you to overhear my conversation? Dammy, I say! I . . ."

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter, that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amidst the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made a dreadful mess and splutter amongst them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked, and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating angry bosom. I hope our artist will not depict Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amidst the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, &c., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without much suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists: and I am sure no sensible man will defend his conduct for a moment.

Of this lamentable fracas which occurred in the Hotel Garden, Miss Baynes and her parents had no knowledge for awhile. Charlotte was too much occupied with her dancing, which she pursued with all her might; papa was at cards with some sober male and female veterans, and mamma was looking with delight at her daughter, whom the young gentlemen of many embassies were charmed to choose for a partner. When Lord Headbury, Lord Estridge's son, was presented to Miss Baynes, her mother was so elated that she was ready to dance too. I do not envy Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours, the perusal of that immense manuscript in which her sister recorded the events of the ball. Here was Charlotte,

beautiful, elegant, accomplished, *admired everywhere*, with young men, young *noblemen* of immense property and expectations, *wild about her*; and engaged by a promise to a rude, ragged, *presumptuous*, ill-bred young man, *without a penny in the world*—wasn't it provoking? Ah, poor Philip! How that little sour, yellow mother-in-law elect did scowl at him when he came with rather a shamefaced look to pay his duty to his sweetheart on the day after the ball! Mrs. Baynes had caused her daughter to dress with extra smartness, had forbidden the poor child to go out, and coaxed her, and wheedled her, and dressed her with I know not what ornaments of her own, with a fond expectation that Lord Headbury, that the yellow young Spanish *attaché*, that the sprightly Prussian secretary, and Walsingham Hely, Charlotte's partners at the ball, would certainly call; and the only equipage that appeared at Madame Smolensk's gate was a hack cab, which drove up at evening, and out of which poor Philip's well-known, tattered boots came striding. Such a fond mother as Mrs. Baynes may well have been out of humour.

As for Philip, he was unusually shy and modest. He did not know in what light his friends would regard his escapade of the previous evening. He had been sitting at home all the morning in state, and in company with a Polish colonel, who lived in his hotel, and whom Philip had selected to be his second in case the battle of the previous night should have any suite. He had left that colonel in company with a bag of tobacco and an order for unlimited beer, whilst he himself ran up to catch a glimpse of his beloved. The Bayneses had not heard of the battle of the previous night. They were full of the ball, of Lord Estridge's affability, of the Golconda ambassador's diamonds, of the appearance of the royal princes who honoured the fête, of the most fashionable Paris talk in a word. Philip was scolded, snubbed, and coldly received by mamma; but he was used to that sort of treatment, and greatly relieved by finding that she was unacquainted with his own disorderly behaviour. He did not tell Charlotte about the quarrel: a knowledge of it might alarm the little maiden; and so for once our friend was discreet, and held his tongue.

But if he had any influence with the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, why did he not entreat the conductors of that admirable journal to forego all mention of the fracas at the embassy ball? Two days after the fête, I am sorry to say, there appeared a paragraph in the paper narrating the circumstances of the fight. And the guilty Philip found a copy of that paper on the table before Mrs. Baynes and the general when he came to the Champs Élysées according to his wont. Behind that paper sate Major-General Baynes, C.B., looking confused, and beside him his lady frowning like Rhadamanthus. But no Charlotte was in the room.

A Week's Imprisonment in Sark.

THERE is a spot within the British islands in which the rising generation of Englishmen may still realize the benighted state of their ancestors in regard to locomotion, not only learning by experience what it is to exist for a time without telegraphs, railroads, and steamboats, but appreciating even the prejudices that would have laughed to scorn, half a century ago, any one who would be rash enough to assert that ships could be conveyed across the sea by machinery, regardless of wind and weather. In this singular spot the traveller who, before leaving his home, packs his portmanteau and furnishes his purse as if for a short visit, may chance to find himself locked out of the world for weeks, unable to renew his supply of linen and dress, and equally unable to replenish his purse. His letters and telegrams, however pressing and immediate, may lie in calm repose unable to reach him. His friends or enemies may want him, and the most official and officious visitors may urgently desire his presence, without the smallest hint of the kind, much less any friendly or obnoxious individual, being able to reach him. He may long for his trusted physician or confidential lawyer, but he must long in vain; for they cannot know of his anxiety, and, if they knew of it, could not reach him. He may find money useless to obtain many of his wishes, reasonable as they may seem to him to be; and, though innocent of any crime, and having contravened no law of society, even to the extent of expressing a hasty opinion concerning a German *employé*, he may find himself bound (metaphorically) hand and foot; no assistance being obtainable from the Lord Chancellor, and no appeal being able to reach his beloved *Times*—always, he has hitherto believed, an irresistible power in cases of annoyance and hardship.

Nor is this spot far removed from the centres of civilization. It may be reached, under favourable circumstances, in some fourteen or fifteen hours from London, and it is less than twenty-five miles from the coast of France. From it the weary visitor can at all times contemplate lands blest with regular communication and a daily mail, to which letters are conveyed without delay, and whence telegrams can be despatched at will, and the reply received in the prescribed number of seconds. But he may perhaps see this tempting land without being able to reach it. He may feel like Moses on the Mount looking towards the Plains of Goshen, or like Balaam with the tents of Israel at his feet.

The land thus circumstanced, a fief, we have already said, of the British Crown, but in which her Britannic Majesty's subjects are frequently, and for a long time, detained against their will, is the Island of Sark, only eight miles from Guernsey—and but sixty miles from Portland Bill. It is easy to reach, but often most difficult to escape from.

Deluded by the treacherous calm of a fine September day too near the equinox, the writer of this article lately formed one of a party who determined to visit Sark from Guernsey, intending to make a short trip. A steamboat had been advertised to leave on a certain day, and return to make a second trip three days afterwards. We had heard that boats were known in Sark as well as Guernsey, and that besides the steamer there was a regular cutter, and we hardly thought of a possibility which a little consideration might perhaps have suggested, and which actually became in our case a sad reality. Sark lies to the east of Guernsey, and the prevalent winds are westerly. If the steamer should fail to come, and the wind should blow from the west, or not blow at all, our chance of returning to Guernsey might be greatly interfered with.

The weather was not very favourable on the morning of our departure, and, but a small supply of passengers being anticipated, the owners of the steamer declined to send her; but a sailing-boat soon took us across, treacherously promising to return on a day agreed on. We reached Sark after two hours' sail; but the little harbour not being very convenient to reach, or at least not the best for our cutter to start from on her return to Guernsey, we were landed at a place where there were no means of reaching the upper world of Sark without a somewhat dangerous climb over wet rocks and up a steep cliff. This difficulty being happily overcome, we made our way to the little hotel, and soon began to examine the curiosities of the place.

Sark is not only remarkable for the difficulty of reaching it and escaping from it, but also for numerous objects of real interest. It may be worth while to describe some of these for the benefit of future travellers, should any venture into so dangerous a place.

The coast of Sark is singularly wild and bold. A lofty wall from two to three hundred feet high, with numerous outlying rocks and islands, is all that is seen from the sea. Here and there are small bays, where the sea washes over pebbles and large boulders reaching rocks covered with seaweed at the foot of inaccessible cliffs, and in one or two places having a sandy beach; but none of these would be selected as giving access to the interior. So completely is this the case, that the island might be sailed round in calm weather without a single place being discovered which a stranger would venture to land at in a small boat.

The island is very nearly divided into two unequal parts, called Great and Little Sark, and the coast is not only indented with small bays, but surrounded by numerous rocks. Wild sea-birds scream; the waves are white as they betray the sharp points of rocks covered treacherously by a few feet of water; gloomy caverns gape and yawn in every direction, and if it were not for a few small boats moored by long ropes to rocks that seem equally difficult of approach by land and water, one might readily fancy the whole place uninhabited.

As the extreme length measured from a point of land almost detached from Greater Sark, on the north, to the last rock that stretches to the south

in Little Sark, is barely three miles and a half, and the greatest width is certainly not more than a mile and a half, the tourist accustomed to *do* Switzerland in a fortnight, including the journey there and back, and perform other feats by the aid of steamboat and railroad, naturally imagines that a day, or a couple of days at the most, must be sufficient to ransack the whole place and leave no point unvisited. But if our little island is perverse in keeping against their will those who come to see her, she is not deficient in charms, and, small as she may seem, will tax the powers even of Alpine travellers to exhaust her stock of wonders in a short time.

Expecting to leave after a couple of days, and not ignorant of the fact that there really was much to see, our party, which included some accomplished climbers, cheerfully set to work very soon after arrival. But first it is only fair to state that this spot, small as it is, is not without creature comforts. It is possible to eat, drink, and sleep there, at the excellent quarters provided by a certain widow, Mrs. Hazlehurst (and, as we have heard, by another widow within a stone's throw), after a fashion and on terms which might be imitated to advantage in many a place of much greater size and pretence. If island mutton, wild rabbits, excellent poultry, and certain combinations of blackberries and apples can secure a traveller against famine, he may be sure to find all these, and the means of washing them down with potations of pale ale from the classic sources of Burton-upon-Trent. He may also feel secure, if experience purchased during the last autumn may be regarded as worth having, that the widow's cruise will not fail, even should the means of escape from the island prove as difficult, and the term of imprisonment as long, as they did with us.

Sark is especially remarkable for its rocky coast, honeycombed almost everywhere by caverns, and our first object was to visit some of these. We started with great spirit, taking with us a female guide, whose principal recommendations were, that she understood us very imperfectly and had visited the caverns about eighteen years before. Passing the picturesque parsonage and a little plantation crowded with magnificent hydrangeas and fuchsias, opposite the extremely ugly building which serves as church, we came to the grounds of the Seigneurie. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the contrast afforded by the high cultivation and exquisite taste observable here, compared with the wild tillage and careless neglect of the Sark farmers. Passing by this spot, we soon entered an open common, beyond which all was rock and furze. The ground falls in this direction, and the rest of the island to the north is seen stretched out before the spectator; the sea, far down beneath his feet, visible on three sides, and in the distance Guernsey, Herm, and a number of rocks and islands to the left, the coast of France being just discernible on the right.

The island narrows very rapidly from this point, and the bare granite juts out more and more frequently from the tufts of grass. We soon afterwards come to a part where a narrow gorge cuts the island almost in half; a steep slope, covered with short grass, passing down precipitously to

the right, while to the left a face of naked rock and broken stones, at first quite vertical, and afterwards as steep as the loose stones will stand, terminates in a mass of huge granite boulders, against which the sea dashes with great violence. Half way down the descent is an opening on the side of the gorge to the right, and to this our attention was directed. Down the steep face to the left, our party accordingly soon made its way, holding on first to tufts of grass and then to angular blocks of granite, slipping over soft clay, toppling over heavy stones, and at length reaching the pile of rubbish fallen from the roof of the cave, up which we had to make our way to the cavern that yawned a little above. This difficulty overcome, and the heap mounted and descended, we found ourselves in a vast cleft in the rock, nearly twenty feet in width and certainly fifty in height, the whole floor covered so thickly with huge angular fragments and rounded blocks fallen in from above or rolled in by the sea, that the utmost care was necessary in scrambling down the steep descent to the sea level. This singular cleft continues through the whole of the rest of the island, and may be traversed for more than a quarter of a mile northwards, till it emerges at a small terrace, generally dry at low water, which separates Sark from a rocky islet called the Nose. At the time of our visit, this exit was almost blocked up by great masses of rock several cubic yards in dimensions, with others of smaller size and all shapes jammed in between them, the whole probably driven in during late storms. With some difficulty these were passed, and we stood at the extremity close to the Nose, the sea dashing wildly over the rocks, and lumps of foam, like snow-flakes, almost blinding us as they drifted wildly past into the cave. The long gloomy fissure behind being almost closed by the rocks, and irregular masses of granite in front and on each side cutting off all distant view, the furious vehemence of the sea, as it entered and escaped, seemed unaccounted for; but the scene altogether was one rarely equalled, and hardly to be surpassed.

On our way back, we visited several cross fissures, some being tunnels opening outwards to the sea, and others huge caverns penetrating half across towards the eastern side of the little promontory on which we were.

The colours of the rocks in this group of caverns are very striking. There are blood-red jaspers, and minerals of a bright pea-green colour, together with purple and gray varieties of decomposing granite, and spotted black porphyries, varied in some places by the rich dark brown tints of soft intersecting veins. All these, lighted up from time to time by the fitful gleams of a setting sun on a wild stormy afternoon, formed together a scene of the most singular grandeur and beauty.

Such was our first experience of Sark caverns. An afternoon was well employed in this visit; but we found time also to examine a little more of the west coast, descending into a bay (Seignie Bay) by a zigzag path, down an almost vertical face of cliff at least 300 feet high. The views in this small bay are very different, but not at all less striking, than those obtained within the cavern. A group of three detached rocks

called the Autelets, or Little Altars, stands out in the sea at one extremity of the bay, each rock rising in steps from a large base to a small open, like so many broken irregular pyramids roughly hewn by nature out of the raw material everywhere around. Jet black in colour, owing to the rock of which they are formed, these singular masses are covered in many places with highly tinted lichens, and draped in parts with seaweed. The white marks of the seagull are not wanting to produce an artistic effect, and varieties of light and shade are ensured at all times and seasons by the infinite multiplication of sides and angles in the rock.

Our first day was brought to a conclusion very pleasantly, although it left a distinct impression that the task we had set ourselves of seeing the beauties of the island was, as yet, only commenced. Next morning, accordingly, we started early for a complete day's work, and first descended a charming valley close to the hotel, which opens down into a fine bay on the east side of the island. There is something very singular and characteristic about the wooded scenery of Sark. It is so small—so Liliputian in its nature, and yet so effective. There can hardly be a tree thirty feet high in the island, and in most places the tops are shaved off with that peculiar and ungraceful slope towards the prevalent wind (the south-west) which is so common at all seaside places. But in this little valley, the trees are sheltered and their forms more natural: still all are dwarfs—pretty and interesting, but on a small scale. Baker's valley—the one now referred to, and the most pleasing of the two valleys that Sark boasts—is not very wide or very long, but is remarkably pretty, being well wooded on this minute scale, and ornamented with a picturesque cottage and orchard very well placed.

This valley leads, but can scarcely be said to open out, to a bay, which at first seems very small, but which, even when the water is tolerably high, has access to another and larger bay by a pierced rock. There is, perhaps, no coast so small that has so many of these pierced rocks or natural arches as are found in Sark. One can hardly descend anywhere to the sea without finding them, and a score might easily be quoted, all striking objects, and some of them noble and even grand in their proportions. In this little Baie d'Ixcart, as opened out at low water, there are three such arches, each one penetrating a huge detached mass of rock, larger than a moderate-sized house. Within these rocks are some half-dozen caverns of tolerable dimensions. But d'Ixcart Bay, although very fine and well worth visiting, is not one of the lions of Sark. We reserved our low water for the Gouliot Caves, celebrated in the annals of natural history, and remarkable beyond all others of those oceanic recesses which Neptune has reserved to himself, and has lined with his choicest treasures of animal and vegetable life. To visit these Gouliot Caves there are now every year pilgrimages of eager naturalists armed with knives and possessed of every kind of pot and pan to carry away the objects of their worship. It is only at extreme low water during spring and autumn spring-tides, and even then only under favourable conditions of wind, that one can walk

dryshod into the inner recesses of these temples of Marine Zoology, and many are the occasions when even wading or trusting oneself to the sturdy arms of a guide, who walks the waters without fear of consequences, is insufficient to secure a satisfactory visit.

The descent to the Gouliots is not a very easy task to any one not accustomed to cliffing, and not endowed by nature with a steady head. In this case, however, as in many others, there is little danger when there is no fear; although any person, man or woman, who wants help certainly runs risk. A path has been made on the rocky face of a small inlet, and terminates on some large rocks, covered with black slippery seaweed and little barnacles, that have been thrown by the sea in its angry moments above the reach of ordinary tides. Over these one has to pick one's way into the first great cave, which is a long natural tunnel, something like the Boutiques, penetrating completely through a small promontory that stretches out beyond the middle of the west coast of Sark, being separated from the island of Brechou and the Gouliot rock by small channels, passable at all times of tide. This first cavern is of noble proportions, and the floor is roughly piled with immense boulders, giving many a varied view of a small but picturesque harbour, seen through the opening at the farther extremity. But this cavern, though fine, is, as it were, a mere outer court, preparing us for the glories to be revealed within. Its walls are partly covered with those singular currant-jelly-like animals one sees expanded like living flowers in marine aquaria: deep blood-red is the prevailing colour, but dark olive-green varieties are also common, and numerous yellow and brick-red patches are seen at intervals. A few muscles, and tens of thousands of limpets and barnacles, cover the boulders. Abundance of life is seen, and some of the specimens are as rare as they are beautiful. A branch of the first cavern, in which is a deep pool of water, conducts outwards to the sea; but it is better to wait till low water and creep outside. We then enter a gloomy series of vaults, lighted from the sea, and communicating with each other by natural passages. These are the Gouliot Caves of the aquarium-lover, and contain the soft animals with hard names on which the lips of beauty now love to linger. Here are the *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, the *Bunodes crassicornis*, the *Acyonium digitatum*, the *Caryophyllia Smithii*, the *Sertularia filicula*, and a hundred others.

Fortunately the visitor is not often subjected to an examination *in situ* as to his knowledge of these names, for the eye even of one most familiar with the aquarium could not fail to be struck by the marvellous wealth and prodigality of nature in this treasure-house of life. It is chiefly on the walls of the caverns recently left by the sea that the animals are seen. They attract by colour as well as form: the brightest and richest reds, yellows, blues, and greens cover the wet rocks. Occasionally in rough weather the animals are swept away by the stones drifted into the cavern, so that large naked patches are left; but the same species reappear in the same spots, or at least would do so if left alone by man. The mania of collecting,

however, affects even these poor creatures, and they are cut away and shipped off to England as fast as they can be procured by a certain well-known guide, whose fishing is, no doubt, more profitable in this locality than on the best turbot banks in the Channel.

But a short time is allowed by the tide for this visit : too short a time, indeed, to do justice to its beauties; and as it is not altogether safe to be caught after the water has once begun to rise, the caverns must often be abandoned almost as soon as they are reached. But the lover of wild, grand, rocky scenery, who is also a naturalist, cannot certainly do better than visit Sark, even at the risk of breaking his neck over the precipices, and spraining his ankle among the loose stones, and if he has also a chance of being drowned with sponges, corallines, and sea anemones in the Gouliot Caves.

When we emerged to the outer day from our pilgrimage to these temples, dripping as we were with spray and salt water, we found that the weather, which had been threatening and uncomfortable all the morning, was now worse than ever, heavy rain and blowing winds having set in, with little prospect of improvement. Our party, however, confiding in the notion that they had but three days to spend on the island, and feeling that they had as yet seen but few of the objects of interest, though they had found in each one hitherto examined abundant beauty and grandeur, decided to visit Little Sark in the afternoon. Starting, then, in the rain, which, though it at one time diminished, afterwards settled into a heavy downpour, we went towards the *Coupée*, the name given to a deep cut in the rocks, along which is the only road from Great to Little Sark. Owing to the existence of a wide tract of soft rock between the granite of Little Sark and the equally hard porphyry crossing Great Sark at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the sea on both sides has made deep inroads, and cut out a wide and large open bay towards Guernsey, and a smaller bay towards France, leaving only a narrow neck of land between. The weather wearing the rock down from the top, while the sea was at work below, this neck has been gradually scooped out; and though the operation of rain was slower than that of the sea, the result was equally certain, and the rate sufficiently rapid to form a talus or sloping bank on both sides. Such a bank has naturally acted as a barricade against the farther advance of the sea, and thus the isthmus has been preserved from one cause of destruction by the action of another cause. The road constructed across the *Coupée* completely preserves the upper surface, and so long as it is kept in good condition the sea does not seem likely to make any fresh inroads. Should the road, however, be neglected, it is likely that a very few years would separate Little from Great Sark.

Not far from the *Coupée* there is a wonderful descent through a broken natural chimney, called the Pot, to the rocks on the shore of Little Sark. The whole of this chimney is festooned with a tangled mass of ivy and brambles; but as the rain was pouring in torrents during our visit to this place, we were not in a condition to do justice to its wild beauties. The coast of Little Sark is everywhere extremely fine and bold, and there are

several points where, with good climbing, the sea may be reached. There are also some fine caves.

As our party, after draining the Pot, had become so completely soaked that they could hold no more water, it was agreed to return to the hotel, and there, muffled up in such clothes as could be borrowed, we enjoyed our dinner and hoped for better times.

Sunday dawned upon us, and our condition began to be uncomfortable. Both wind and rain set in in the most determined manner, and we were fairly reduced to stay indoors all day. We looked for a change; but matters by no means improved, and night closed in with very little prospect of a fine to-morrow.

Monday was our appointed day of departure, but the state of the weather was such that neither steamboat nor cutter would be likely to leave Guernsey, and certainly could neither safely approach or depart from Sark. A severe gale of wind, accompanied by heavy squalls of rain, had set in from the west, and the only thing we could do was to make the best of our position. This we did effectually; and the rain ceasing for a while in the afternoon, we did not fail to take advantage of the lull.

Our imprisonment commenced from this day, and from hour to hour and day to day we were inquiring when the cutter would go, or when the steamer would come. Three days and nights longer the wind continued to blow so fiercely, the rain was so heavy and frequent, the sky was for the most part so covered, and the ground so impassable, that we were in very bad plight, and departure from the island was simply impossible. No inducement would have been sufficient to induce a boatman to put out a boat; and, indeed, whenever we could look at the wild waste of ocean before us, not a single moving object on the waters was visible. No fish could be obtained: not even the crab and lobster-pots could be reached. During all this time also the stocks of pale ale and sherry were getting low, and at length were all but exhausted, our excellent landlady being reduced to borrow from her neighbours to supply our demand.

During this terrible weather we took all possible opportunities of visiting and examining the odd corners of our prison-house, but, although we really worked hard, we found its resources inexhaustible. In the intervals of dry weather between the heavy squalls of rain, we managed at various times to climb and scramble nearly half-way along the cliff that surrounded the two divisions of the island; and many hours of hard toil, much rough climbing over almost inaccessible rocks, innumerable partial descents and ascents, made frequently "thorough bush, thorough briar," in such a way as greatly to damage the integrity of those only garments we had brought with us, were the results of our attempts. But never did we feel a moment's disappointment at the scenery presented. Always grand and large, notwithstanding the extreme smallness of the island; never without the elements of beauty as well as wildness and stern grandeur; the numerous rocky inlets each had its own characteristic, and the outer net-

work of islands being seen from successive points of view, produced the never-ending variety of the kaleidoscope.

On one occasion we braved the fierce gale, and made our way along a very narrow saddle-shaped ledge of rocks, partly covered with tufty grass and brambles, known as the Hog's Back. Often standing with difficulty against the wind, we crept on to the extremity of this headland. It juts out into the sea a full quarter of a mile—a great distance in Sark, and from the farthest extremity a glorious view is obtained to the left of certain castellated rocks known as the "Point Terrible." This headland stretches out to sea, forming one side of a narrow creek, of which the promontory surmounted by the Hog's Back is the other. This view of the Baie d'Ixcart at our feet, and of the Coupée Bay to the right, with the deep indentation of the rocks forming the Coupée, is very fine, and the sea dashing wildly over the numerous rocks standing out in every direction exposed to its violence, formed a fit termination and frame to this grand scenery.

At another time we made our way down a fisherman's path, to a little landing-place opposite the Creux, called La Loche. A detached rock is here so nearly connected with the main island, that one could almost jump across the chasm that separates them, and a deep vertical gorge enters the land, the sea having worn for itself a path in a soft vein of red clay. The view from the rocks at this point is exceedingly striking. Immediately opposite La Loche the cliffs rise two hundred feet vertically, and no human foot could climb this height. One is the more surprised, therefore, to see a small neat harbour with a breakwater of some twenty yards, almost closing the entrance, and a small cutter or two, or half-a-dozen fishermen's boats, riding outside the breakwater. A few boats may also be recognized securely chained up in small recesses at the bottom of the cliff inside the harbour. No means are visible by which the island can be entered, nor would it be easy to guess at the real access if one did not know the secret. A small dark arch, not unlike the entrance to one of the caves, is, in fact, the opening of a tunnel penetrating a rock that immediately faces La Loche, and juts out to sea in the direction of a picturesque group of rocky islets called Les Burons. On the opposite side, at the emergence of this tunnel, is a good cart road conducting into the island, and connecting with all the other roads; for this, in fact, is the harbour of Sark; and, although not now considered quite so convenient for general purposes as another landing a little to the north, it has been, from the time that the tunnel was completed (some three centuries ago), the principal, and indeed the only, place at which passengers are embarked or landed in ordinary weather.*

* So obscure and difficult to perceive is this curious entrance, that the Lords of the Admiralty, lately intending to visit Sark during one of their cruises, came to the breakwater and landed there at high-water without their approach being noticed in the island. The entrance by the tunnel is not visible from this point, and the officer in command, with the First Lord himself, seem to have come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of, and visitors to, Sark, were in the habit of climbing the precipitous cliff by some undiscoverable track. They, therefore, gave up the idea of landing, and went on their way in search of harbours and islands less difficult of approach.

One of our chief excursions was to the "Creux Terrible," certainly one of the grandest natural phenomena of its kind that can be seen, and yet one that has been seldom alluded to in other than general terms. A vast natural shaft about 150 feet deep, and of a perfect oval form, opens in a field not far from the sea. A wild growth of brambles and furze surrounds the opening, the two sides of which are of very different level; to look down requires a steady head, for the walls of the shaft are absolutely vertical, and only overgrown with vegetation round the outer rim. At the bottom is a floor of pebbles, and at high-water the sea rushes in by two large entrances, one wave following another with a rapidity and force only possible where the water rises in a few hours thirty or forty feet, and drives into funnel-shaped bays, completely land-locked except at their narrow entrance. The white foam of the angry water rises high in the cave, and is said in former times, when the entrance was perhaps smaller, to have splashed up almost to the top in severe storms. The roar of the wave, and the disturbance caused by the rolling of the pebble floor over and over at its bottom, reverberates in the shaft. Such is the Creux Terrible at high-water. But it may be visited under other circumstances. It is possible, though not very easy, to make a descent through a narrow winding path overgrown with furze and ivy, to the brink of a precipice, down which by the help of some iron rings fastened in the rock, any one with a clear head and firm, secure foot, can reach the extremity of the bay with which the Creux communicates. A fine wild rocky beach, a vertical cliff abounding with caves, vast piles of boulders of all conceivable shapes and sizes, and presenting a singular variety of interesting minerals and a rich harvest of sea-weeds: such are some of the rewards for the toil and danger, if it can be so called, of the descent. After passing the mouths of several large caverns, we reach one neither larger nor more remarkable in appearance than the others, but on entering it the passage seems more regular. It is one of two natural tunnels or galleries singularly well matched in proportions, and symmetrically placed, through which the sea enters the Creux. The length of the tunnels is about 100 feet, and there is no gloom or closeness about them. We walk along over the well-rounded pebbles and enter a vast amphitheatre, 100 feet long, 50 feet wide, and nearly 150 feet high, roofless, like the great amphitheatres of antiquity, and with walls rough with fragments of rock jutting out in every direction, and coloured as nature only can colour. At the end, the deep rich umber tint of a large soft vein, by the rapid decay of which the Creux was no doubt originally produced, still reveals its origin, and will probably long continue to do so. The walls of this vein are granites of various shades. Some parts are of the deepest black, covered with large white streaks and patches of lichen; some were originally whitish gray, but are now darkened by sea water and weed; some have a purplish tint; but all receive the partial but warm light coming in from above, crossed with the paler gleams entering horizontally through the tunnels. Standing at the farthest extremity, and looking outwards toward

the sea, the eye dwells on the broken castellated rocks of the Point Terrible seen through one tunnel, and a distant glimpse of part of Jersey through the other. At low water the sea is far away, and its sound scarcely disturbs the silence. All is rocky, and broken, and fantastic; not a vestige of cultivation disturbs the wild scene around: nor, indeed, could any effort of man produce a permanent impression in a position so singular and sublime.

Sark contains many of these curious natural shafts, and some of the caverns have originated from the surface by similar pot-holes, and not from below by the sea's action. They are all called "creux," or holes, and there is not one that might not be visited with advantage at various times of tide by the geologist as well as the artist. That one in Little Sark, called the "Pot," already alluded to, is now in the state to which the Creux Terrible will be reduced when a large part of its wall towards the sea shall have fallen in, and the shaft or chimney has become more overgrown with ivy brambles and ferns. Another creux, without a name, has existed close by the Creux Terrible; but here the whole of the wall and tunnels are swept away, and only a deep indentation of the coast can be detected. There are, in fact, two well-marked differences observable as the results of marine and atmospheric action in this island. We have the coupée and the various creux, where the action has been that of rain and storm, summer and winter, acting from above; and the Gouliots and Boutiques, besides a score of other caverns, more or less extensive, where the sea has first worn away holes at the level of the water or between tides, and the roof, having lost its support and fallen down, has been gradually swept away by the tidal and storm waves, so that now there is little trace left of its existence.

After a gale which had now lasted five days and nights without intermission, blowing sometimes so furiously that it was scarcely possible to stand in exposed places, and often accompanied by torrents of rain, though occasionally for a short time there were glimpses of bright sun and blue sky, the weather at length moderated. The fiercest blast of the gale, the murkiest and most threatening sky, were succeeded in a few hours by a thunder-storm, after which the wind dropped suddenly, and one of the loveliest days of early autumn succeeded. An unclouded sky, softened by a slight haze, a breath of air too gentle to be called wind, a pleasant temperature, and a feeling of dryness and tone that seems peculiar to islands in open water, formed a marvellous contrast to the disturbed atmosphere of the days just concluded. The embargo was taken off, and the prisoners were released.

But as after a storm of political excitement has passed away, exiles are invited to return, but hesitate, doubtful whether the calm is not more dangerous than the storm, so did the party assembled in Sark hesitate to take advantage of the means offered them to leave when the prison-doors were opened. Nor were they altogether wrong. For seven long weary hours did the little cutter that left in the morning for Guernsey, hover

about in the narrow channel of disturbed water; the wind almost calm, but quite contrary, and the sea heaving uneasily, after the violent excitement it had recently undergone. Liberty is sweet, and strong was the desire to be again in a port where steamboats ply with regularity; but the dread of this long, uncomfortable transit across so short a space was yet stronger.

One more day was therefore to be passed in Sark. Consultation was held and decision come to concerning the use to be made of this day. Very much of Sark, both great and little, still remained unvisited—far more, indeed, than could possibly have been worked over during the time at our disposal; but all this was left for a future visit, in favour of an excursion to another island adjacent. This other island bears about the same relation to Sark, that the two divisions, Greater and Little Sark, bear to each other; only in the place of an isthmus there is a strait between them. It is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, or thereabouts, and forms a sort of excrescence from the western side of Sark, just as Little Sark does from the southern end. It is called Brechou, and sometimes the Island of Merchants (*Ile des Marchands*); but why a place where there is certainly no merchandise should be thus designated, it would not be easy to say.

Between Brechou and Sark is a detached rock called the Gouliot Rock, and the celebrated Gouliot caverns already alluded to open under the cliffs that face this rock. The water passage between the Gouliot Rock and Brechou is deep, dark, and dangerous. The current is swift, and varies with the tide, so that at times it would be impossible to row against it. There is, however, depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, and daring sailors, in time of need, have ventured safely to sail through it.

There is only one landing-place at Brechou worthy of the name, but as that is not accessible at all times of tide, even in a rowing-boat, we were put ashore on the steep weed-covered rocks on the opposite side, and thence had to scramble up the cliff to the top. A rough and somewhat risky scramble it proved to some of the party, but with care and a guide there is no great difficulty. The cliffs all round the island are high and exceedingly steep, but the height is inferior to that of Sark. The top of the island is partly cultivated, and there are two farms; the population of the place, at the last census, being seven human beings, a cow, a horse, and a dog, besides several sheep. The whole population turned out in our honour, and the cow was called upon to provide a feast of new milk on the rare occasion of a visit from the outer world to this silent abode.

It is understood that the two establishments of the Island of Merchants are not always on speaking terms with each other, but on the occasion of our visit they fortunately showed no symptoms of enmity. Not unfrequently many weeks have elapsed during winter when no boat could communicate with Sark, and when these two families formed the whole world to each other. But this Robinson Crusoe-like existence does not

seem to be felt as a hardship; although the writer of this article was told by the seigneur of Sark that on one occasion, when a fierce quarrel had existed for a time, and one of the men had succeeded in gaining possession of the only boat then available, and had crossed to lay his complaint before his feudal lord, the other was seen, by the aid of a telescope, wringing his hands in despair at not being able to come over also and obtain a hearing.

Like the larger island adjacent, Brechou is almost intersected by caverns and surrounded by picturesque rocks. Seen from the sea—their jagged and varied forms resembling pinnacles and castles, with cormorants standing sentinel on the flat edges, and gulls perched on the commanding heights—these rocks add greatly to the effect, and contrast finely with the black overhanging precipices of the island itself. But the overfalls and the white foam, also seen in the sea near them, give notice of the hidden dangers that lurk beneath, and remind the boatman of the caution that is needed in threading his way through the narrow channels that alone are safe.

From the highest point of Brechou, where a small cairn has been placed, there is a noble view of Sark in its whole length, with all the detached and often pierced rocks and the entrances to the dark caverns that penetrate its western face. The distance is so short, the position so nearly central, and the level so nearly that which is best adapted for a good *coup d'œil*, that the view is quite panoramic. At a greater distance the surface looks comparatively flat, but here all the principal undulations are seen, and the most striking peculiarities of structure are readily made out.

After scrambling about among the caverns and seeing all that Brechou could afford of novelty and interest, we made our way to the Havre Gosselin, and so back to the hotel. The next day the term of our imprisonment was at an end, and after an hour and a half's sailing in a little cutter, with a stiff but favourable breeze, we were safely landed in Guernsey, at liberty to remove ourselves at pleasure to any other part of her Majesty's dominions.

But although we had been kept at Sark much longer than we had contemplated, it was evident that the imprisonment had been salutary; for none of the party complained that the time had hung heavily on his hands, or that he or she had exhausted all that Sark could afford of interest and amusement. A visit to Sark is, in fact, to the traveller accustomed to distant trips what a microscopic examination of a very minute animal is to the naturalist who has hitherto studied larger organizations. There is just as much to see and examine, just as much that is new and curious and interesting, in the small as in the large object.

The curiosities of this little island are not at all confined to its caverns and cliffs. In Sark alone, within the British dominions, the good old English black rat holds its own still; although the brown Hanoverian monster, who has quite destroyed his predecessor in England, has

approached already so near as to be actually now extirpating the black rat in the island of Brechou. A boat may at any time bring over the founder of a colony, and then the black rat, like the Celt, will give way to the fatal tide of emigration from the north of Germany.

Almost deprived of reptiles, Sark is rich in birds, and not poor in insects. Fishes, too, abound round its shores, and of the lower marine animals the number and variety is beyond count. Nowhere are to be seen such sea anemones, such tubulariæ, such sponges, such madrepores. On land there are ferns and many rare wild-flowers. The people themselves, too, deserve a study. A small population, always intermarrying, they have acquired a peculiar physiognomy, and they retain a peculiar costume. Half boatmen, half farmers, the men are a hardy race, pleasant and intelligent enough to talk to, but not readily accepting improvements. They are good rifle shots, and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, as may be seen when the seigneur calls out his militia of a hundred men, and they respond dressed in their scarlet tunics to go through their manœuvres.

Sark is governed by feudal customs and peculiar laws. Its language retains many peculiarities of the oldest Norman French mixed up with a good deal of English and a sprinkling of other languages. There is no town or village to be seen; no house can be built without consent of the feudal lord, and no one can live or even land on the island if he object. But with all this apparent tyranny, matters, both public and private, appear to go on very smoothly. Once there was a threat of serious change, when a vein of silver was discovered in Little Sark; but after some 20,000*l.* had been swallowed up in researches with but little satisfactory result, and the seigneur had been totally ruined, the excitement died away, and the inhabitants seem to have undergone wonderfully little alteration by the incursion of Cornish miners. The ruined lord has departed, and the seigneur who now holds sway over this little Barataria finds more delight in improving his house, gardens, and grounds, and making the most of the beauties of his island, than in playing at government or interfering with the pursuits of his subjects. They settle their own disputes, if they have any; and the little prison that has been built recently would certainly be an uncomfortable residence for the prisoner, since it has hardly ever been inhabited, and must be fearfully damp and unwholesome.

Long may it continue in its deserted state, and long may Sark remain a small happy community of hardy boatmen and farmers, receiving the stranger willingly and aiding him in his endeavours to scale the cliffs and enter the caverns, but unspoilt by the vices and disorders that would inevitably follow if it should become a fashionable resort, and if villas, lodging-houses, and hotels should be allowed to attract the herd of tourists and destroy the primitive manners of the people.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW THE FIRM INVENTED A NEW SHIRT.

It has already been said that those four men in armour, on the production of whom Robinson had especially prided himself, were dispensed with after the first fortnight. This, no doubt, was brought about through the parsimony of Mr. Brown, but in doing so he was aided by a fortuitous circumstance. One of the horses trampled on a child near the Bank, and then the police and press interfered. At first the partners were very unhappy about the child, for it was reported to them that the poor little fellow would die. Mr. Brown went to see it, and ascertained that the mother knew how to make the most of the occurrence; and so after a day or two did the firm. The Jupiter daily newspaper took the matter up, and lashed out vigorously at what it was pleased to call the wickedness as well as absurdity of such a system of advertising; but as the little boy was not killed, nor indeed seriously hurt, the firm was able to make capital out of the Jupiter, by sending a daily bulletin from Magenta House as to the state of the child's health. For a week the newspapers inserted these, and allowed the firm to explain that they supplied nourishing food, and paid the doctor's bill; but at the end of the week the editor declined any further correspondence. Mr. Brown then discontinued his visits; but the child's fortune had been made by gifts from a generous public, and the whole thing had acted as an excellent unpaid advertisement. Now, it is well understood by all trades that any unpaid advertisement is worth twenty that have cost money.

In this way the men in armour were put down, but they will be long remembered by the world of Bishopsgate Street. That they cost money is certain. "Whatever we do," said Mr. Brown, "don't let's have any more horses. You see, George, they're always a-eating!" He could not understand that it was nothing, though the horses had eaten gilded oats, so long as there were golden returns.

The men in armour, however, were put down, as also was the car of Fame. One horse only was left in the service of the firm, and this was an ancient creature that had for many years belonged to the butter establishment in Smithfield. By this animal a light but large wooden frame was dragged about, painted magenta on its four sides, and bearing on its various fronts different notices as to the business of the house. A boy stood uncomfortably in the centre, driving the slow brute by means of reins which were inserted through the apertures of two of the letters; through another letter above there was a third hole for his eyes, and, shut

up in this prison, he was enjoined to keep moving throughout the day. This he did at the slowest possible pace, and thus he earned five shillings a week. The arrangement was one made entirely by Mr. Brown, who himself struck the bargain with the boy's father. Mr. Robinson was much ashamed of this affair, declaring that it would be better to abstain altogether from advertising in that line than to do it in so ignoble a manner; but Mr. Brown would not give way, and the magenta box was dragged about the streets till it was altogether shattered and in pieces.

Stockings was the article in which, above all others, Mr. Brown was desirous of placing his confidence. "George," said he, "all the world wears stockings; but those who require African monkey muffs are in comparison few in number. I know Legg and Loosefit, of the Poultry, and I'll purchase a stock." He went to Legg and Loosefit and did purchase a stock, absolutely laying out a hundred pounds of ready money for hosiery, and getting as much more on credit. Stockings is an article on which considerable genius might be displayed by any house intending to do stockings, and nothing else; but taken up in this small way by such a firm as that of 81, Bishopsgate Street, it was simply embarrassing. "Now you can say something true in your advertisements," said Mr. Brown, with an air of triumph, when the invoice of the goods arrived.

"True!" said Robinson. He would not, however, sneer at his partner, so he retreated to his own room, and went to work. "Stockings!" said he to himself. "There is no room for ambition in it! But the word 'Hose' does not sound amiss." And then he prepared that small book, with silk magenta covers and silvery leaves, which he called *The New Miracle*!

"The whole world wants stockings," he began, not disdaining to take his very words from Mr. Brown—"and Brown, Jones, and Robinson are prepared to supply the whole world with the stockings which they want. The following is a list of some of the goods which are at present being removed from the river to the premises at Magenta House, in Bishopsgate Street. B., J., and R. affix the usual trade price of the article, and the price at which they are able to offer them to the public.

"One hundred and twenty baskets of ladies' Spanish hose—usual price, 1s. 3d.; sold by B., J., and R. at 9½d."

"Baskets!" said Mr. Brown, when he read the little book.

"It's all right," said Robinson. "I have been at the trouble to learn the trade language."

"Four hundred dozen white cotton hose—usual price, 1s. 0½d.; sold by B., J., and R. at 7½d."

"Eight stack of China and pearl silk hose—usual price, 3s.; sold by B., J., and R. for 1s. 9½d."

"Fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan—usual price, 1s. 6d.; sold by B., J., and R. for 10½d."

It may not, perhaps, be necessary to continue the whole list here; but as it was read aloud to Mr. Brown, he sat aghast with astonishment. "George!" said he, at last, "I don't like it. It makes me quite afraid. It does indeed."

"And why do you not like it?" said Robinson, quietly laying down the manuscript, and putting his hand upon it. "Does it want vigour?"

"No; it does not want vigour."

"Does it fail to be attractive? Is it commonplace?"

"It is not that I mean," said Mr. Brown. "But——"

"Is it not simple? The articles are merely named, with their prices."

"But, George, we haven't got 'em. We couldn't hold such a quantity. And if we had them, we should be ruined to sell them at such prices as that. I did want to do a genuine trade in stockings."

"And so you shall, sir. But how will you begin unless you attract your customers?"

"You have put your prices altogether too low," said Jones. "It stands to reason you can't sell them for the money. You shouldn't have put the prices at all;—it hampers one dreadfully. You don't know what it is to stand down there among them all, and tell them that the cheap things haven't come."

"Say that they've all been sold," said Robinson.

"It's just the same," argued Jones. "I declare last Saturday night I didn't think my life was safe in the crowd."

"And who brought that crowd to the house?" demanded Robinson.

"Who has filled the shop below with such a throng of anxious purchasers?"

"But, George," said Mr. Brown, "I should like to have one of these bills true, if only that one might show it as a sample when the people talk to one."

"True!" said Robinson, again. "You wish that it should be true! In the first place, did you ever see an advertisement that contained the truth? If it were as true as heaven, would any one believe it? Was it ever supposed that any man believed an advertisement? Sit down and write the truth, and see what it will be! The statement will show itself of such a nature that you will not dare to publish it. There is the paper, and there the pen. Take them, and see what you can make of it."

"I do think that somebody should be made to believe it," said Jones.

"You do!" and Robinson, as he spoke, turned angrily at the other.

"Did you ever believe an advertisement?" Jones, in self-defence, protested that he never had. "And why should others be more simple than you? No man—no woman believes them. They are not lies; for it is not intended that they should obtain credit. I should despise the man who attempted to base his advertisements on a system of facts, as I would the builder who lays his foundation upon the sand. The groundwork of advertising is romance. It is poetry in its very essence. Is *Hamlet* true?"

"I really do not know," said Mr. Brown.

"There is no man, to my thinking, so false," continued Robinson, "as he who in trade professes to be true. He deceives, or endeavours to do so. I do not. No one will believe that we have fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan."

"Nobody will," said Mr. Brown.

"But yet that statement will have its effect. It will produce custom,

and bring grist to our mill without any dishonesty on our part. Advertisements are profitable, not because they are believed, but because they are attractive. Once understand that, and you will cease to ask for truth." Then he turned himself again to his work and finished his task without further interruption.

"You shall sell your stockings, Mr. Brown," he said to the senior member of the firm, about three days after that.

"Indeed, I hope so."

"Look here, sir!" and then he took Mr. Brown to the window. There stood eight stalwart porters, divided into two parties of four each, and on their shoulders they bore erect, supported on painted frames, an enormous pair of gilded, embroidered, brocaded, begartered wooden stockings. On the massive calves of these was set forth a statement of the usual kind, declaring that "Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of 81, Bishopsgate Street, had just received 40,000 pairs of best French silk ladies' hose direct from Lyons."

"And now look at the men's legs," said Robinson. Mr. Brown did look, and perceived that they were dressed in magenta-coloured knec-breeches, with magenta-coloured stockings. They were gorgeous in their attire, and at this moment they were starting from the door in different directions. "Perhaps you will tell me that that is not true?"

"I will say nothing about it for the future," said Mr. Brown.

"It is not true," continued Robinson; "but it is a work of fiction, in which I take leave to think that elegance and originality are combined."

"We ought to do something special in shirts," said Jones, a few days after this. "We could get a few dozen from Hodges, in King Street, and call them Eureka."

"Couldn't we have a shirt of our own?" said Mr. Robinson. "Couldn't you invent a shirt, Mr. Jones?" Jones, as Robinson looked him full in the face, ran his fingers through his scented hair, and said that he would consult his wife. Before the day was over, however, the following notice was already in type:—

"MANKIND IN A STATE OF BLISS!

"BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have sincere pleasure in presenting to the Fashionable World their new KATAKAIRION SHIRT, in which they have thoroughly overcome the difficulties, hitherto found to be insurmountable, of adjusting the bodies of the Nobility and Gentry to an article which shall be at the same time elegant, comfortable, lasting, and cheap.

"B., J., and R.'s KATAKAIRION SHIRT, and their Katakairion Shirt alone, is acknowledged to unite these qualities.

"Six Shirts for 39s. 9d.

"The Katakairion Shirt is specially recommended to Officers going to India and elsewhere, while it is at the same time eminently adapted for the Home consumption."

"I think I would have considered it a little more, before I committed myself," said Jones.

"Ah, yes, you would have consulted your wife; as I have not got one, I must depend on my own wits."

"And are not likely to have one either," said Jones.

"Young men, young men," said Mr. Brown, raising his hands impressively, "if as Christians you cannot agree, at any rate you are bound to do so as partners. What is it that the Psalmist says: 'Let dogs delight, to bark and bite ——'"

The notice as to the Katakairion shirt was printed on that day, as originally drawn out by Robinson, and very widely circulated on the two or three following mornings. A brisk demand ensued, and it was found that Hodges, the wholesale manufacturer, of King Street, was able to supply the firm with an article which, when sold at 39s. 6d., left a comfortable profit.

"I told you that we ought to do something special in shirts," said Jones, as though the whole merit of the transaction were his own.

Gloves was another article to which considerable attention was given:—

"BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have made special arrangements with the glove manufacturers of Worcestershire, and are now enabled to offer to the public English-sewn Worcester gloves, made of French kid, at a price altogether out of the reach of any other house in the trade.

"B., J., and R. boldly defy competition."

When that notice was put up in front of the house, none of the firm expected that any one would believe in their arrangement with the Worcestershire glove-makers. They had no such hope, and no such wish. What gloves they sold, they got from the wholesale houses in St. Paul's Churchyard, quite indifferent as to the county in which they were sewn, or the kingdom from which they came. Nevertheless, the plan answered, and a trade in gloves was created.

But perhaps the pretty little dialogues which were circulated about the town, did more than anything else to make the house generally known to mothers and their families.

"Mamma, mamma, I have seen such a beautiful sight!" one of them began.

"My dearest daughter, what was it?"

"I was walking home through the City, with my kins cousin Augustus, and he took me to that wonderfully handsome and extraordinarily large new shop, just opened by those enterprising men, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at No. 81, Bishopsgate Street. They call it 'Nine Times Nine, or Magenta House.'"

"My dearest daughter, you may well call it wonderful. It is the wonder of the age. Brown, Jones, and Robinson sell everything; but not only that,—they sell everything good; and not only that,—they sell everything cheap. Whenever your wants induce you to make purchases, you may always be sure of receiving full value for your money at the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

In this way, by efforts such as these, which were never allowed to flag for a single hour,—by a continued series of original composition which, as regards variety and striking incidents, was, perhaps, never surpassed,—a great and stirring trade was established within six months of the opening day. By this time Mr. Brown had learned to be silent on the subject of advertising, and had been brought to confess, more than once, that the subject was beyond his comprehension.

"I am an old man, George," he said once, "and all this seems to be new."

"If it be not new, it is nothing," answered Robinson.

"I don't understand it," continued the old man; "I don't pretend to understand it; I only hope that it's right."

The conduct which Jones was disposed to pursue gave much more trouble. He was willing enough to allow Robinson to have his own way, and to advertise in any shape or manner, but he was desirous of himself doing the same thing. It need hardly be pointed out here that this was a branch of trade for which he was peculiarly unsuited, and that his productions would be stale, inadequate, and unattractive. Nevertheless, he persevered, and it was only by direct interference at the printer's, that the publication of documents was prevented which would have been fatal to the interests of the firm.

"Do I meddle with you in the shop?" Robinson would say to him.

"You haven't the personal advantages which are required for meeting the public," Jones would answer.

"Nor have you the mental advantages without which original composition is impossible."

In spite of all these difficulties a considerable trade was established within six months, and the shop was usually crowded. As a drawback to this, the bills at the printer's and at the stationer's had become very heavy, and Robinson was afraid to disclose their amount to his senior partner. But nevertheless he persevered. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he repeated to himself, over and over again,—the fair lady for whom his heart sighed being at this time Commercial Success.

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum. That should be the motto of the house. He failed, however, altogether in making it intelligible to Mr. Brown.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHNSON OF MANCHESTER.

It was about eight months after the business had been opened that a circumstance took place which gave to the firm a reputation which for some few days was absolutely metropolitan. The affair was at first fortuitous, but advantage was very promptly taken of all that occurred; no chance was allowed to pass by unimproved; and there was, perhaps, as much genuine talent displayed in the matter as though the whole had been designed from the beginning. The transaction was the more important as it once more brought Mr. Robinson and Maryanne Brown together, and very nearly effected a union between them. It was not, however, written in the book that such a marriage should ever be celebrated, and the renewal of love which for a time gave such pleasure to the young lady's father, had no other effect than that of making them in their subsequent quarrels more bitter than ever to each other.

It was about midwinter when the circumstances now about to be narrated took place. Mr. Brown had gone down to the neighbourhood of Manchester for the purpose of making certain *bonâ-fide* purchases of coloured prints, and had there come to terms with a dealer. At this time there was a strike among the factories, and the goods became somewhat more scarce in the market, and, therefore, a trifle dearer than was ordinarily the case. From this arose the fact that the agreement made with Mr. Brown was not kept by the Lancashire house, and that the firm in Bishopsgate was really subjected to a certain amount of commercial ill-treatment.

"It is a cruel shame," said Mr. Brown—"a very cruel shame; when a party in trade has undertaken a transaction with another party, no consideration should hinder that party from being as good as his word. A tradesman's word should be his bond." This purchase done among the factories had been his own special work, and he had been proud of it. He was, moreover, a man who could ill tolerate any ill-usage from others. "Can't we do anything to them, George? Can't we make them bankrupts?"

"If we could, what good would that do us?" said Robinson. "We must put up with it."

"I'd bring an action against them," said Jones.

"And spend thirty or forty pounds with the lawyers," said Robinson.

"No; we will not be such fools as that. But we might advertise the injury."

"Advertise the injury," said Mr. Brown, with his eyes wide open. By this time he had begun to understand that the depth of his partner's finesse was not to be fathomed by his own unaided intelligence.

"And spend as much money in that as with the lawyers," said Jones.

"Probably more," said Robinson, very calmly. "We promised the public in our last week's circular that we should have these goods."

"Of course we did," said Mr. Brown; "and now the public will be deceived!" And he lifted up his hands in horror at the thought.

"We'll advertise it," said Robinson again; and then for some short space he sat with his head resting on his hands. "Yes, we'll advertise it. Leave me for awhile, that I may compose the notices."

Mr. Brown, after gazing at him for a moment with a countenance on which wonder and admiration were strongly written, touched his other partner on the arm, and led him from the room.

The following day was Saturday, which at Magenta House was always the busiest day of the week. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the shop would become thronged, and from that hour up to ten at night nearly as much money was taken as during all the week besides. On that Saturday at about noon the following words were to be read at each of the large sheets of glass in the front of the house. They were printed, of course, on magenta paper, and the corners and margins were tastefully decorated:—

"Brown, Jones, and Robinson, having been greatly deceived by Johnson of Manchester, are not able to submit to the public the 40,000 new specimens of

English prints, as they had engaged to do, on this day. But they beg to assure their customers and the public in general that they will shortly do so, however tremendous may be the sacrifice."

"But it was Staleybridge," said Mr. Brown, "and the man's name was Pawkins."

"And you would have me put up 'Pawkins of Staleybridge,' and thus render the firm liable to an indictment for libel? Are not Pawkins and Johnson all the same to the public?"

"But there is sure to be some Johnson at Manchester."

"There are probably ten, and therefore no man can say that he is meant. I ascertained that there were three before I ventured on the name."

On that afternoon some trifling sensation was created in Bishopsgate Street, and a few loungers were always on the pavement reading the notice. Robinson went out from time to time, and heard men as they passed talking of Johnson of Manchester. "It will do," said he. "You will see that it will do. By seven o'clock on next Saturday evening I will have the shop so crowded that women who are in shall be unable to get out again."

That notice remained up on Saturday evening, and till twelve on Monday, at which hour it was replaced by the following :—

"Johnson of Manchester has proved himself utterly unable to meet his engagement. The public of the metropolis, however, may feel quite confident that Brown, Jones, and Robinson will not allow any provincial manufacturer to practise such dishonesty on the City with impunity."

The concourse of persons outside then became much greater, and an audible hum of voices not unfrequently reached the ears of those within. During this trying week Mr. Jones, it must be acknowledged, did not play his part badly. It had come home to him in some manner that this peculiar period was of vital importance to the house, and on each day he came down to business dressed in his very best. It was pleasant to see him as he stood at the door, shining with bear's grease, loaded with gilt chains, glittering with rings, with the lappets of his coat thrown back so as to show his frilled shirt and satin waistcoat. There he stood, rubbing his hands and looking out upon the people as though he scorned to notice them. As regards intellect, mind, apprehension, there was nothing to be found in the personal appearance of Jones, but he certainly possessed an amount of animal good looks which had its weight with weak-minded females.

The second notice was considered sufficient to attract notice on Monday and Tuesday. On the latter day it became manifest that the conduct of Johnson of Manchester had grown to be matter of public interest, and the firm was aware that persons from a distance were congregating in Bishopsgate Street, in order that they might see with their own eyes the notices at Magenta House.

Early on the Wednesday, the third of the series appeared. It was very short, and ran as follows :—

"Johnson of Manchester is off!"

"The police are on his track!"

This exciting piece of news was greedily welcomed by the walking public, and a real crowd had congregated on the pavement by noon. A little after that time, while Mr. Brown was still at dinner with his daughter upstairs, a policeman called and begged to see some member of the firm. Jones, whose timidity was overwhelming, immediately sent for Mr. Brown; and he, also embarrassed, knocked at the door of Mr. Robinson's little room, and asked for counsel.

"The Peelers are here, George," he said. "I knew there'd be a row."

"I hope so," said Robinson; "I most sincerely hope so."

As he stood up to answer his senior partner he saw that Miss Brown was standing behind her father, and he resolved that, as regarded this occasion, he would not be taunted with want of spirit.

"But what shall I say to the man?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Give him a shilling and a glass of spirits; beg him to keep the people quiet outside, and promise him cold beef and beer at three o'clock. If he runs rusty, send for me." And then, having thus instructed the head of the house, he again seated himself before his writing materials at the table.

"Mr. Robinson," said a soft voice, speaking to him through the doorway, as soon as the ponderous step of the old man was heard descending the stairs.

"Yes; I am here," said he.

"I don't know whether I may open the door," said she; "for I would not for worlds intrude upon your studies."

He knew that she was a Harpy. He knew that her soft words would only bring him to new grief. But yet he could not help himself. Strong, in so much else, he was utterly weak in her hands. She was a Harpy who would claw out his heart and feed upon it, without one tender feeling of her own. He had learned to read her character, and to know her for what she was. But yet he could not help himself.

"There will be no intrusion," he said. "In half an hour from this time, I go with this copy to the printer's. Till then I am at rest."

"At rest!" said she. "How sweet it must be to rest after labours such as yours! Though you and I are two, Mr. Robinson, who was once one, still I hear of you, and——sometimes think of you."

"I am surprised that you should turn your thoughts to anything so insignificant," he replied.

"Ah! that is so like you. You are so scornful, and so proud,—and never so proud as when pretending to be humble. I sometimes think that it is better that you and I are two, because you are so proud. What could a poor girl like me have done to satisfy you?"

False and cruel that she was! 'Tis thus that the basilisk charms the poor bird that falls a victim into its jaws.

"It is better that we should have parted," said he. "Though I still love you with my whole heart, I know that it is better."

"Oh, Mr. Robinson!"

"And I would that your nuptials with that man in Aldersgate Street were already celebrated."

"Oh, you cruel, heartless man!"

"For then I should be able to rest. If you were once another's, I should then know——"

"You would know what, Mr. Robinson?"

"That you could never be mine. Maryanne!"

"Sir!"

"If you would not have me disgrace myself for ever by my folly, leave me now."

"Disgrace yourself! I'm sure you'll never do that. 'Whatever happens George Robinson will always act the gentleman,' I have said of you, times after times, both to father and to William Brisket. 'So he will!' father has answered. And then William Brisket has said—— I don't know whether I ought to tell you what he said. But what he said was this—'If you're so fond of the fellow, why don't you have him?'"

All this was false, and Robinson knew that it was false. No such conversation had ever passed. Nevertheless, the pulses of his heart were stirred.

"Tell me this," said he. "Are you his promised wife?"

"Laws, Mr. Robinson!"

"Answer me honestly, if you can. Is that man to be your husband? If it be so it will be well for him, and well for you, but, above all, it will be well for me, that we should part. And if it be so, why have you come hither to torment me?"

"To torment you, George!"

"Yes; to torment me!" And then he rose suddenly from his feet, and advanced with rapid step and fierce gesture towards the astonished girl. "Think you that love such as mine is no torment? Think you that I have no heart, no feeling; that this passion which tears me in pieces can exist without throwing a cloud upon my life? With you, as I know too well, all is calm and tranquil. Your bosom boils with no ferment. It has never boiled. It will never boil. It can never boil. It is better for you so. You will marry that man, whose house is good, and whose furniture has been paid for. From his shop will come to you your daily meals,—and you will be happy. Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. Adieu."

"Oh, George, are you going so?"

"Yes; I am going. Why should I stay? Did I not with my own hand in this room renounce you?"

"Yes; you did, George. You did renounce me, and that's what's killing me. So it is,—killing me." Then she threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Would that we could all die," he said, "and that everything should end. But now I go to the printer's. Adieu, Maryanne."

"But we shall see each other occasionally—as friends?"

"To what purpose? No; certainly not as friends. To me such a trial would be beyond my strength." And then he seized the copy from the table, and taking his hat from the peg, he hurried out of the room.

"As William is so stiff about the money, I don't know whether it wouldn't be best after all," said she, as she took herself back to her father's apartments.

Mr. Brown, when he met the policeman, found that that excellent officer was open to reason, and that when properly addressed he did not actually insist on the withdrawal of the notice from the window. "Every man's house is his castle, you know," said Mr. Brown. To this the policeman demurred, suggesting that the law quoted did not refer to crowded thoroughfares. But when invited to a collation at three o'clock, he remarked that he might as well abstain from action till that hour, and that he would in the meantime confine his beat to the close vicinity of Magenta House. A friendly arrangement grew out of this, which for awhile was convenient to both parties, and two policemen remained in the front of the house, and occasionally entered the premises in search of refreshment.

After breakfast on the Thursday the fourth notice was put up:—

"The public of London will be glad to learn that Brown, Jones, and Robinson have recovered the greatest part of their paper which was in the hands of Johnson of Manchester. Bills to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds are, however, still missing."

It was immediately after this that the second policeman was considered to be essentially necessary. The whole house, including the young men and women of the shop, were animated with an enthusiasm which spread itself even to the light porter of the establishment. The conduct of Johnson, and his probable fate, were discussed aloud among those who believed in him, while they who were incredulous communicated their want of faith to each other in whispers. Mr. Brown was smiling, affable, and happy; and Jones arrived on the Friday morning with a new set of turquoise studs in his shirt. Why men and women should have come to the house for gloves, stockings, and ribbons, because Johnson of Manchester was said to have run away, it may be difficult to explain. But such undoubtedly was the fact, and the sales during that week were so great, as to make it seem that actual commercial prosperity was at hand.

"If we could only keep up the ball!" said Robinson.

"Couldn't we change it to Tomkins of Leeds next week?" suggested Jones.

"I rather fear that the joke might be thought stale," replied Robinson, with a good-natured smile. "There is nothing so fickle as the taste of the public. The most popular author of the day can never count on favour for the next six months." And he bethought himself that, great as he was at the present moment, he also might be eclipsed, and perhaps forgotten, before the posters which he was then preparing had been torn down or become soiled.

On the Friday no less than four letters appeared in the daily Jupiter, all dated from Manchester, all signed by men of the name of Johnson, and all denying that the writer of that special letter had had any dealings whatever with Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of Bishopsgate Street, London.

There was "Johnson Brothers," "Johnson and Co.," "Alfred Johnson and Son," and "Johnson and Johnson;" and in one of those letters a suggestion was made that B., J., and R., of London, should state plainly who was the special Johnson that had gone off with the paper belonging to their house.

"I know we shall be detected," said Mr. Brown, upon whose feelings these letters did not act favourably.

"There is nothing to detect," said Robinson; "but I will write a letter to the editor."

This he did, stating that for reasons which must be quite obvious to the commercial reading public, it would be very unwise in the present state of affairs to give any detailed description of that Mr. Johnson who had been named; but that B., J., and R. were very happy to be able to certify that that Mr. Johnson who had failed in his engagements to them was connected neither with Johnson Brothers, or Johnson and Co.; nor with Alfred Johnson and Son, or Johnson and Johnson. This also acted as an advertisement, and no doubt brought grist to the mill.

On the evening of that same Friday a small note in a scented envelope was found by Robinson on his table when he returned upstairs from the shop. Well did he know the handwriting, and often in earlier days had he opened such notes with mixed feelings of joy and triumph. All those past letters had been kept by him, and were now lying under lock and key in his desk, tied together with green silk, ready to be returned when the absolute fact of that other marriage should have become a certainty. He half made up his mind to return the present missive unopened. He knew that good could not arise from a renewed correspondence. Nevertheless, he tore asunder the envelope, and the words which met his eye were as follows:—

"Miss Brown's compliments to Mr. Robinson, and will Mr. Robinson tea with us in papa's room on Saturday, at six o'clock? There will be nobody else but Mr. and Mrs. Poppins, that used to be Miss Twizzle. Papa, perhaps, will have to go back to the shop when he's done tea. Miss Brown hopes Mr. Robinson will remember old days, and not make himself scornful."

"Scornful!" said he. "Ha! ha! Yes; I scorn her—I do scorn her. But still I love her." Then he sat down and accepted the invitation.

"Mr. Robinson presents his compliments to Miss Brown, and will do himself the honour of accepting her kind invitation for to-morrow evening. Mr. Robinson begs to assure Miss Brown that he would have great pleasure in meeting any of Miss Brown's friends whom she might choose to ask."

"Psha!" said Maryanne, when she read it. "It would serve him right to ask Bill. And I would, too, only——" Only it would hardly have answered her purpose, she might have said, had she spoken out her mind freely.

In the meantime the interest as to Johnson of Manchester was reaching its climax. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning each division of the

window was nearly covered by an enormous bill, on which in very large letters it was stated that—

“Johnson of Manchester has been taken.”

From that till twelve the shop was inundated by persons who were bent on learning what was the appearance and likeness of Johnson. Photographers came to inquire in what gaol he was at present held, and a man who casts heads in plaster of Paris was very intent upon seeing him. No information could, of course, be given by the men and women behind the counters. Among them there was at present raging a violent discussion as to the existence or non-existence of Johnson. It was pleasant to hear Jones repeating the circumstances to the senior partner. “Mr. Brown, there’s Miss Glassbrook gone over to the anti-Johnsonites. I think we ought to give her a month’s notice.” To those who inquired of Mr. Brown himself, he merely lifted up his hands and shook his head. Jones professed that he believed the man to be in the underground cells of Newgate.

The bill respecting Johnson’s capture remained up for two hours, and then it was exchanged for another :—

“Johnson has escaped, but no expense shall be spared in his recapture.”

At four in the afternoon the public was informed as follows :—

“Johnson has got off, and sailed for America.”

And then there was one other, which closed the play late on Saturday evening :—

“Brown, Jones, and Robinson beg to assure the public that they shall be put out of all suspense early on Monday morning.”

“And what shall we really say to them on Monday?” asked Mr. Jones.

“Nothing at all,” replied Mr. Robinson. “The thing will be dead by that time. If they call, say that he’s in Canada.”

“And won’t there be any more about it?”

“Nothing, I should think. We, however, have gained our object. The house will be remembered, and so will the name of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.”

And it was so. When the Monday morning came the windows were without special notices, and the world walked by in silence, as though Johnson of Manchester had never existed. Some few eager inquirers called at the shop, but they were answered easily; and before the afternoon the name had almost died away behind the counters. “I knew I was right,” said Miss Glassbrook, and Mr. Jones heard her say so.

In and about the shop Johnson of Manchester was heard of no more, but in Mr. Brown’s own family there was still a certain interest attached to the name. How it came about that this was so, shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

In the commercial world of London there was one man who was really anxious to know what were the actual facts of the case with reference to Johnson of Manchester. This was Mr. William Brisket, whose mind at this time was perplexed by grievous doubts. He was called upon to act in a case of great emergency, and was by no means sure that he saw his way. It had been hinted to him by Miss Brown, on the one side, that it behoved her to look to herself, and take her pigs to market without any more shilly-shallying,—by which expression the fair girl had intended to signify that it would suit her now to name his wedding-day. And he had been informed by Mr. Brown, on the other side, that that sum of five hundred pounds should be now forthcoming;—or, if not actually the money, Mr. Brown's promissory note at six months should be handed to him, dated from the day of his marriage with Maryanne.

Under these circumstances, he did not see his way. That the house in Bishopsgate Street was doing a large business he did not doubt. He visited the place often, and usually found the shop crowded. But he did doubt whether that business was very lucrative. It might be that the whole thing was a bubble, and that it would be burst before that bill should have been honoured. In such case, he would have saddled himself with an empty-handed wife, and would decidedly not have seen his way. In this emergency he went to Jones and asked his advice. Jones told him confidentially that, though the bill of the firm for five thousand pounds would be as good as paper from the Bank of England, the bill of Mr. Brown himself as an individual would be worth nothing.

Although Mr. Brisket had gone to Jones as a friend, there had been some very sharp words between them before they separated. Brisket knew well enough that all the ready money at the command of the firm had belonged to Mr. Brown, and he now took upon himself to say that Maryanne had a right to her share. Jones replied that there was no longer anything to share, and that Maryanne's future husband must wait for her fortune till her father could pay it out of his income. "I couldn't see my way like that; not at all," said Brisket. And then there had been high words between them.

It was at this time that the first act of Johnson of Manchester's little comedy was being played, and people in Mr. Brisket's world were beginning to talk about the matter. "They must be doing a deal of trade," said one. "Believe me, it is all flash and sham," said another. "I happen to know that old Brown did go down to Manchester and see Johnson there," said the first. "There is no such person at all," said the second. So this went on till Mr. Brisket resolved that his immediate matrimony should depend on the reality of Johnson's existence. If it should appear that Johnson, with all his paper, was a false meteor; that no one had deceived the metropolitan public; that no one had been taken

and had then escaped, he would tell Miss Brown that he did not see his way. The light of his intelligence told him that promissory notes from such a source, even though signed by all the firm, would be illusory. If, on the other hand, Johnson of Manchester had been taken, then, he thought, he might accept the bill and wife.

"Maryanne," he said to the young lady early on that day on which she had afterwards had her interview with Robinson, "what's all this about Johnson of Manchester?"

"I know nothing about your Johnsons, nor yet about your Manchesters," said Miss Brown, standing with her back to her lover. At this time she was waxing wroth with him, and had learned to hate his voice, when he would tell her that he had not yet seen his way.

"That's all very well, Maryanne; but I must know something before I go on."

"Who wants you to go on? Not I, I'm sure; nor anybody belonging to me. If I do hate anything, it's them mercenary ways. There's one who really loves me, who'd be above asking for a shilling, if I'd only put out my hand to him."

"If you say that again, Maryanne, I'll punch his head."

"You're always talking of punching people's heads; but I don't see you do so much. I shouldn't wonder if you don't want to punch my head some of these days."

"Maryanne, I never riz hand to a woman yet."

"And you'd better not, as far as I'm concerned,—not as long as the pokers and tongs are about." And then there was silence between them for awhile.

"Maryanne," he began again, "can't you find out about this Johnson?"

"No; I can't," said she.

"You'd better."

"Then I won't," said she.

"I'll tell you what it is, then, Maryanne. I don't see my way the least in life about this money."

"Drat your way! Who cares about your way?"

"That's all very fine, Maryanne; but I care. I'm a man as is as good as my word, and always was. I defy Brown, Jones, and Robinson to say that I'm off, carrying anybody's paper. And as for paper, it's a thing as I knows nothing about, and never wish. When a man comes to paper, it seems to me there's a very thin wall betwixt him and the gutter. When I buys a score of sheep or so, I pays for them down; and when I sells a leg of mutton, I expects no less myself. I don't owe a shilling to no one, and don't mean; and the less that any one owes me, the better I like it. But, Maryanne, when a man trades in that way, a man must see his way. If he goes about in the dark, or with his eyes shut, he's safe to get a fall. Now about this five hundred pound; if I could only see my way——"

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As to the good sense of Mr. Brisket's remarks, there was no difference

of opinion between him and his intended wife. Miss Brown would at that time have been quite contented to enter into partnership for life on those terms. And though these memoirs are written with the express view of advocating a theory of trade founded on quite a different basis, nevertheless, it may be admitted that Mr. Brisket's view of commerce has its charms, presuming that a man has the wherewithal. But such a view is apt to lose its charms in female eyes if it be insisted on too often, or too violently. Maryanne had long since given in her adhesion to Mr. Brisket's theory; but now, weary with repetition of the lesson, she was disposed to rebel.

"Now, William Brisket," she said, "just listen to me. If you talk to me again about seeing your way, you may go and see it by yourself. I'm not so badly off that I'm going to have myself twitted at in that way. If you don't like me, you can do the other thing. And this I will say, when a gentleman has spoken his mind free to a lady, and a lady has given her answer free back to him, it's a very mean thing for a gentleman to be saying so much about money after that. Of course, a girl has got herself to look to; and if I take up with you, why, of course, I have to say, 'Stand off,' to any other young man as may wish to keep me company. Now, there's one as shall be nameless that wouldn't demean himself to say a word about money."

"Because he ain't got none himself, as I take it."

"He's a partner in a first-rate commercial firm. And I'll tell you what, William Brisket, I'll not hear a word said against him, and I'll not be put upon myself. So now I wishes you good morning." And so she left him.

Brisket, when he was alone, scratched his head, and thought wistfully of his love. "I should like to see my way," said he. "I always did like to see my way. And as for that old man's bit of paper——" Then he relapsed once again into silence.

It was within an hour of all this that Maryanne had followed her father to George Robinson's room. She had declared her utter indifference as to Johnson of Manchester; but yet it might, perhaps, be as well that she should learn the truth. From her father she had tried to get it, but he had succeeded in keeping her in the dark. To Jones it would be impossible that she should apply; but from Robinson she might succeed in obtaining his secret. She had heard, no doubt, of Samson and Delilah, and thought she knew the way to the strong man's locks. And might it not be well for her to forget that other Samson, and once more to trust herself to her father's partners? When she weighed the two young tradesmen one against the other, balancing their claims with such judgment as she possessed, she doubted much as to her choice. She thought that she might be happy with either—but then it was necessary that the other dear charmer should be away. As to Robinson, he would marry her, she knew, at once, without any stipulations. As to Brisket—if Brisket should be her ultimate choice—it would be necessary that she should either

worry her father out of the money, or else cheat her lover into the belief that the money would be forthcoming. Having taken all these circumstances into consideration, she invited Mr. Robinson to tea.

Mr. Brown was there, of course, and so also were Mr. and Mrs. Poppins. When Robinson entered, they were already at the tea-table, and the great demerits of Johnson of Manchester were under discussion.

"Now Mr. Robinson will tell us everything," said Mrs. Poppins. "It's about Johnson, you know. Where has he gone to, Mr. Robinson?" But Robinson professed that he did not know.

"He knows well enough," said Maryanne, "only he's so close. Now do tell us."

"He'll tell *you* anything *you* choose to ask him," said Mrs. Poppins.

"Tell me anything! Not him, indeed. What does he care for me?"

"I'm sure he would if he only knew what you were saying before he came into the room."

"Now don't, Polly!"

"Oh, but I shall! because it's better he should know."

"Now, Polly, if you don't hold your tongue, I'll be angry! Mr. Robinson is nothing to me, and never will be, I'm sure. Only, if he'd do me the favour, as a friend, to tell us about Mr. Johnson, I'd take it kind of him."

In the meantime Mr. Brown and his young married guest were discussing things commercial on their own side of the room, and Poppins, also, was not without a hope that he might learn the secret. Poppins had rather despised the firm at first, as not a few others had done, distrusting all their earlier assurances as to trade bargains, and having been even unmoved by the men in armour. But the great affair of Johnson of Manchester had overcome even his doubts, and he began to feel that it was a privilege to be noticed by the senior partner in a house which could play such a game as that. It was not that Poppins believed in Johnson, or that he thought that 15,000*l.* of paper had at any time been missing. But, nevertheless, the proceeding had affected his mind favourably with reference to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and brought it about that he now respected them—and, perhaps, feared them a little, though he had not respected or feared them heretofore. Had he been the possessor of a wholesale house of business, he would not now have dared to refuse them goods on credit, though he would have done so before Johnson of Manchester had become known to the world. It may therefore be surmised that George Robinson had been right, and that he had understood the ways of British trade when he composed the Johnsonian drama.

"Indeed, I'd rather not, Mr. Poppins," said Mr. Brown. "Secrets in trade should be secrets. And though Mr. Johnson has done us a deal of mischief, we don't want to expose him."

"But you've been exposing him ever so long," pleaded Poppins.

"Now, Poppins," said that gentleman's wife, "don't you be troubling Mr. Brown. He's got other things to think of than answering your ques-

tions. I should like to know myself, I own, because all the town's talking about it. And it does seem odd to me that Maryanne shouldn't know."

"I don't, then," said Maryanne. "And I do think when a lady asks a gentleman, the least thing a gentleman can do is to tell. But I shan't ask no more—not of Mr. Robinson. I was thinking—But never mind, Polly. Perhaps it's best as it is."

"Would you have me betray my trust?" said Robinson. "Would you esteem me the more because I had deceived my partners? If you think that I am to earn your love in that way, you know but little of George Robinson." Then he got up, preparing to leave the room, for his feelings were too many for him.

"Stop, George, stop," said Mr. Brown.

"Let him go," said Maryanne.

"If he goes away now I shall think him as hard as Adam," said Mrs. Poppins.

"There's three to one again him," said Mr. Poppins to himself. "What chance can he have?" Mr. Poppins may probably have gone through some such phase of life himself.

"Let him go," said Maryanne again. "I wish he would. And then let him never show himself here again."

"George Robinson, my son, my son!" exclaimed the old man.

It must be understood that Robinson had heard all this, though he had left the room. Indeed, it may be surmised that had he been out of hearing the words would not have been spoken. He heard them, for he was still standing immediately beyond the door, and was irresolute whether he would depart or whether he would return.

"George Robinson, my son, my son!" exclaimed the old man again.

"He shall come back!" said Mrs. Poppins, following him out of the door. "He shall come back, though I have to carry him myself!"

"Polly," said Maryanne, "if you so much as whisper a word to ask him, I'll never speak to you the longest day you have to live."

But the threat was thrown away upon Mrs. Poppins, and, under her auspices, Robinson was brought back into the room. "Maryanne," said he, "will you renounce William Brisket?"

"Laws, George!" said she.

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Poppins, "and all the pomps and vanities besides."

"My son, my son!" said old Brown, lifting up both his hands. "My daughter, my daughter! My children, my children!" And then he joined their hands together and blessed them.

He blessed them, and then went down into the shop. But before the evening was over, Delilah had shorn Samson of his locks. "And so there wasn't any Johnson after all," said she.

But Robinson, as he returned home, walked again upon roses.

The First Principle of Physiognomy.

IN the paper on Physiognomy which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, it was stated that the want of trustworthy portraits is one of the main causes that have retarded the science, and that henceforth we may hope to have this want adequately supplied by means of the photograph. The remark is open to two objections, which it may be worth while to consider before we go any further. It may be said, that the physiognomist should be independent of portraits, seeing he has living faces to study; and it may be added, that if portraits are indeed essential to the success of his studies, surely it is not to be supposed that the paintings of such men as Titian, Vandyke and Reynolds are unreliable, and to be surpassed by the mechanical tricks of the laboratory.

It cannot be difficult to explain why living faces are not enough for the physiognomist. For the purposes of comparison, he needs marked characters and picked specimens. More is to be learned from the head of a Shakspeare, and from the head of a Shakspeare compared with that of a Goethe, than from the examination of a thousand ordinary men. But how often does a Shakspeare, even of the third-rate order, appear in the history of the world? And how many of the contemporaries of this third-rate Shakspeare ever have a chance of seeing him? The best collection of portraits would no doubt be of little use to the interpreter who is not intimately acquainted with living faces; but to him who has that knowledge, they, and they alone, provide the means of making large and safe generalisations. The sculptures on the temples of Luxor and Karnac prove to us that the Jewish type of face is now what it was three thousand years ago, and assure us of the stability of physiognomical signs. Again, we put together the heads of the chief musicians, and no one can help observing in all the greatest—Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven—the presence of a nervous in remarkable combination with a lymphatic temperament. Yet again we look at the three peoples who are the most famous for musical skill—Italians, Germans, and Jews; it is to note in them generally a temperament half nervous, half lymphatic—in which the nervous volatility is rendered sufficiently passive by abundance of phlegm. To sustain and to verify such generalisations as these, portraiture is absolutely essential; and nothing is more curious than to see the straits to which the older physiognomists, who had no portraits at hand, were driven in order to satisfy the natural craving of the human mind for generalisation of some sort. The only kind of generalisation which they felt quite sure about was this—to classify men's heads according to their resemblance to certain animals—the bull, the ass, the hog, the lion. In tracing this resemblance, they

were doubtless much aided by the spirit of old poetry, which taught men the unity of life throughout the world. In the legendary lore of their childhood, the races of men seemed to claim kindred with the lion, and to seek the friendship of the horse; a churl might any day be turned into a bear, and a cat might any day prove to be a princess. With a lurking sense of this relationship, and with a vivid idea of the differences between beast and beast, the old physiognomist set to work to classify his fellowmen according to their bestial similarities. In one of his chapters, Lavater quotes from a German work published in 1594 a statement to this effect—"A narrow forehead announces a man indocile and voracious." In no small bewilderment he remarks on the oracular announcement—"The first of these assertions is true, but I do not see how voracity can depend on the narrowness of the forehead." Perhaps, also, the reader will be as puzzled as Lavater to discover the connection between indocility, voracity, and the narrow forehead. The connection lies merely in the fancy that people with narrow foreheads are like pigs. They must, therefore, be intractable and gluttonous. The idea is repeated distinctly in this connection by at least half a dozen of the old authors who treat of physiognomy. One of them, quoted afterwards by Lavater himself, says—"A narrow forehead denotes a man indocile, slovenly, voracious, and a glutton; he is like a hog." And so of other characteristics. People with large foreheads are supposed to be dull, because they are like oxen; people with square foreheads magnanimous, because they resemble lions. As far back as Aristotle it was said that those who have a neck small, delicate, and long, are like the stag—timid. These are the only generalisations which the physiognomists, before they had portraits at their command, were able to afford. Not until portraits were multiplied, and by the art of the engraver rendered accessible to all, was the rise of a Lavater possible.

It is equally true that with such portraits and engravings of portraits as we have had, it has been utterly impossible to get beyond the nebulous science of a Lavater. We required the photograph. Certainly it looks a hard thing to say that the great portrait-painters are not to be trusted. Is it to be supposed that these masters did not know their business, and have failed to give us correct likenesses of the persons who sat to them? It must be remembered that to give a general likeness is one of the easiest strokes of art. With half-a-dozen lines the image is complete, as anyone may see in the million wood-engravings of the day; while at the same time it would be difficult to gather from these rough sketches, where two dots go for the eyes and a scratch for the mouth, what is the precise anatomy of any one feature. So while we can accept as in the main truthful the portraits that have come down to us, it is impossible to place perfect reliance on any particular lineament. Take the upper lip, for example. This is perhaps the feature of the face which not only the portrait-painters, but likewise all the copiers of the human form, have most trifled with. We can often accept the lower lip that they give, but

the upper is a myth. Then of this upper lip, we can sometimes rest content with the corners, the artist looking chiefly to these for the expression, but of the middle part we can never be certain, except in the knowledge that nineteen times out of twenty it is false. There is a form of this part somewhat like a Cupid's bow, which is considered the most beautiful, and which the painters are always repeating. The centre of its upper line comes down to a sharp point, and the centre of its under line falls into a point rather less sharp, and forming a little ball or drop that sometimes delicately clasps the lower lip, sometimes (especially in Raphael's heads) hangs loose above it, and parted from it. From these two points the lines sweep away on either side in two pairs of ogee curves, which are now and then caricatured (very frequently by Vandyke) in the undulations of the moustache above. Such is Raphael's favourite lip: he hardly ever has a face without it. One would fancy that all the people of Vandyke's acquaintance had it. Kneller is great in it; so is Fuseli. Sir Thomas Lawrence gives it with a vengeance to all his sitters—curling the curves, and making the little drop in the centre almost drip. The painters are never satisfied without it, and give it to all their heads alike—to Cortes as well as to Cervantes, to Descartes as well as to Shakespeare, to Arkwright not less than to Schiller and Goethe. What the painters do badly, the engravers do worse; and so this lovely lip is rendered vulgar and meaningless. Belonging to a few, and that few a defined class, it is represented as the common property of all. Nothing short of the photograph can correct this uncertainty, and make the physiognomist feel that he is on sure ground. The photographs produced by such men as Mayall, Dickenson, Silvy, and Watkin leave little to be desired. Nothing more truthful, and nothing cheaper. A collection of good portraits is now within everybody's means; and everybody is making a collection. Let us hope that something will one day come of these numerous collections

Be our materials what they may, it must be confessed that whereas the first glimpse of them fills us with hope of the science, a second often leads us to despair of it. It is some time before we can fully grasp the first principle of the science, and not till we do grasp it in its entirety can we see anything before us but heaps of details innumerable as the sand on the shore—an infinite chaos of infinitesimal facts. The moment we understand that principle and can follow it out, however dimly, we begin to feel, not indeed that we are physiognomists, not that we have made much way in the science, but that at least we have a solid base beneath our feet, that we have a clue in our hands, and that we can go on sounding our way. That principle is expressed in the statement to which, last month, I made a passing reference, that the human form is in all its features homogeneous. To speak paradoxically, the whole is in every part. Everybody understands that if in a symmetrical countenance a very slight change be made in one of the features, the balance is gone

and the countenance is no more. This is no doubt what Fuseli meant when he said, that if you take from Apollo's nose the tenth part of an inch the god is lost. But people do not ordinarily imagine that what is thus true of regular features is also true of irregular. A very slight alteration will shatter the unity of character and render the physiognomy unmeaning. There are painters who labour under the delusion that they can make up a face in parts, joining this beautiful mouth to that beautiful nose, choosing out the fairest eyes to light them up, and crowning the whole with lovely brows borrowed indifferently from Venus or from the Virgin. The result is a mere caricature, and generally one remarkable for stupidity of expression. Upon this point an anonymous author quoted by Lavater makes an ingenious remark. He calls attention to the fact which everybody must have noticed, that the heads which are drawn by children and persons who have never learned how to use the pencil, are marked not so much by malignity or any other strong feeling, as by an utter want of feeling—the most blessed inanity. It is because they fail to perceive the harmony of features. If they have the power of drawing one feature well, they have not the art of putting another beside it which shall be in keeping; and the result is stupidity of expression.

What Professor Owen can make out of the single bone of an unknown animal is now an old story. His power of constructing the entire animal depends upon a law in comparative anatomy, to which the first principle of physiognomy is the counterpart. If it be true that animal forms generally are homogeneous, so that, given but one tooth, we can describe every bone of the beast to the last joint of the tail, is there any difficulty in going further and declaring that the human form is homogeneous in all its parts? To some extent, indeed, this homogeneity is universally admitted. Thus, if a hand were stretched out to any of us through a lattice, we could gather from it a good many facts regarding the bust to which it belongs. We might not be so clever as the Chinese physicians, but at least we could make some shrewd and important guesses. In the first place, every shirtmaker knows that the circumference of the wrist is half that of the neck. Here is at once a decisive fact for those who can see in the various sizes of neck, and notably in the bull-neck, indications of character. Next, every artist knows that usually the length of the hand corresponds with that of the face. But if we can obtain in this way the measure of the face, we can be at no loss for the height of the forehead, for the length of the nose, and for the distance of the chin from the nose, inasmuch as most faces may be divided into three equal parts, embracing these three features. Nor is this all. The form of the hand will tell that of the face. The oval hand belongs to an oval face, and the oval face has almost always plump and shapely lips. Yet again, the hand shows the temperament as well as any other part of the body, and knowing the temperament we can state with some nicety the character and colour of the hair, the character and colour of the eyes, the relation of the lips to each other, the nature of the skin, and the general appearance. Probably

from the thumb some other hints might be obtained. Now all this is not enough, but still it is a great deal. It is a great deal to be able to infer so much of the face from a survey of the hand. But the most important of our inferences is to come, and it is that it must be our own faults if we are unable to infer the entire face from the hand. If we have been able to do so much, we ought to do much more. We have said nothing about the indications of the pulse, for instance, in which the medical man can detect ever so many distinct species of throbs. If we had the Chinese doctor here, who has all his life been studying hands, and who has learned to physic the celestials with considerable success, he would add not a few items to our information. Lavater somewhere says that the same power which has arched the skull has also arched the nail of every toe. Can any one who has fairly noted the delicate sensibility and nervous vitality of our finger points see any want of likelihood in the supposition that there is a direct relation between the form of our skulls and that of our finger nails? Of course this is only a supposition, but it well enough illustrates what we have a right to expect.

This law of homogeneity, which teaches us that the whole is in every part, and that when any one part is given we have the means of predicting every other, is in no respect at variance with the fact that some members are more expressive than others. What it is opposed to is that phrenological method of research which would divide head and face into so many squares, and say, "Here and here alone is the index of wit; there and there alone is the organ of friendship." A small volume has during the past month been placed in my hands, written by a Dr. Redfield, in which the whole face is divided into little freeholds, very much as Gall divided the skull. On the arch of the cheek-bone is the chosen haunt of the medical faculty, and near it is that love of shadow which sick folk cultivate. On the ridge of the nose sits architectural genius, close at hand is the faculty of weaving, next comes the love of clothing, and next again the passion for the sea. If the hairs of your right eyebrow at the inner extremity are turned upwards, I may count on your gratitude; if those of the left eyebrow, I shall only get your respect. Those who have the front upper teeth well developed are republicans whom Robespierre might trust, and those who have the lower canine teeth strong are reformers whom the Reform Club may elect. Henceforth let no one be elected a member of the Reform Club until a dentist pronounces upon the character of his eye-teeth. This is the method of a poor philosophy, which begins in a low idea of the human mind and ends in false knowledge of the human physiognomy. The mind is not to be parted and parcelled in this way. "It moveth altogether if it move at all." When we love, it is the whole mind that loves; when we perceive, it is the whole mind that perceives. And this totality of action displays itself in totality of expression. I give a face on the next page in which my meaning will be evident. The most careless observer must detect in it a singular harmony. The lines repeat each other, and all lead to the same conclusion. The two

most important lines in this, as in every face, are those which represent the cleft of the mouth and the contour of the upper eyelid. They are almost horizontal, and of a similar character are a number of other lines, that of the under chin, that of the under part of the nose, that of the eyebrow, and that of the margin of the hair. We need no magician to tell us, that all through nature horizontal lines are the signs of stability and persistence; and that here we have a character in which steadfastness, verging on obstinacy, is the dominant feature. Now the point chiefly to be noticed is the unity of design in this face, so that while one part may be more expressive than another, they all more or less tell the same tale. The ruling disposition rules everywhere, and not least visibly in the short, wiry hair. But is it illogical to argue from the ruling disposition to the subordinate ones? If the man's pertinacity is expressed more or less in every feature, is it unreasonable to expect that so also should his love, his fidelity, and his judgment? We can trace distinctly the repetitions of the ruling temper, just as in other faces we can in all the features find the loving soul, or the sarcastic bent, or the thoughtful turn; just as in Napoleon's head we can detect the conquering spirit in the jaw, in the chin, in the upper lip, in the nose, in the cheekbone, in the brow; and just as in Shakspeare's countenance we can in all the parts see his dramatic susceptibility. Is it not a fair inference that though we cannot so easily trace them in every feature, the undercurrents of emotion are everywhere present?



Absolute as is this law of homogeneous features, there are three directions in which we must be careful how we apply it. They do not,

properly speaking, suggest limitations or contradictions of the law, but only modifications of it. In the first place, the physiognomies of the very young and of the very old require special treatment. Ordinarily the physiognomist is supposed to be dealing with the form in full bloom. But in watching the budding forms of youth, and the withering forms of age, we meet with signs and the want of signs which our first thought would interpret as contradictions. They are not contradictions, however, and our second thought would explain them by means of the law of latency. In the youth, half his faculties are to come, in the old man, half the faculties have died down; in both they are latent. Take a photograph of the Prince of Wales. Looking at the face, we are struck with a soft, girlish beauty, which reminds one chiefly of the Princess Charlotte, as she appears in Chalon's portrait. When we seek for manly vigour, we are rather disappointed till we come to the hand, and lo! in some of the photographs that hand is in violent contradiction of the face. It is the large, firm, strong fist of a man; and the explanation of the contradiction is that the hand usually arrives at its full development long before the headpiece. Passing to the other extremity of human life, we encounter the fact which Lavater points out, that rarely is a man laden with years to be seen whose physiognomy is frank and open, or exhibits the traits of a prepossessing generosity. Yet old age is not ungenerous, and notoriously it is frank even to garrulity. Strictly speaking, this is a fact, which, if it were of importance, would tell against physiognomy itself rather than against its prime law of homogeneousness; for the contradiction here is not between one feature and another, but between the features as a whole, and the mind of which they are supposed to be the dial plate. I select the fact, because it is perhaps the one most easily appreciable by a majority of readers. Who has not marked the parched, pinched, shut-up, self-absorbed look of age? And who does not see that when the whole body fails, its power of expression may well fail also? Eye, ear, and tongue, cease to do their work; and why should we expect that the wrinkled skin and the unstrung tissues should continue to fulfil their offices? "I knew a man of fifty years, and another of seventy," says Lavater, "both of whom while alive appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may so express myself, to a class totally different. Two days after their death, the profile of the one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be distinctly traced in the third of his sons." In almost all old people, as well as in the young, there is a latency like this of hidden resemblance, and we have to explain the shortcomings and contrarieties of their features by constant reference to it.

Half the perplexities of physiognomy arise from studying the faces of the very young or the very old, and bringing to bear upon them unmodified the principles which we have reached in examining the faces of adults in their prime. Or it has been the other way: we have blundered with men's faces because we have been thinking of children's. It

is not generally known that the whole fabric of phrenology arose out of a mistake of this kind. Gall, when at school, observed that the boys who beat him in the class had prominent eyes. When at the University he observed that the youths distinguished in classics, and who had a talent for recitation, had the same prominent eye. He generalised the fact. He said that a protruding eye must be the special sign for a faculty of language; and having made this beginning, he went on finding more faculties, and awarding them little plots of skull for their habitation. He watched the boys who were best at birds'-nesting, and he found the faculty of birds'-nesting in a little lump above the eye, about the size of a split pea. Now the folly of this consists in the fact that the eyes and brows of children are quite different from the eyes and brows of men. All clever children have fine large eyes, and the brows are often so depressed that when the eyelid is shut a fly might have a nice level promenade from the forehead on to the middle of the ball. Mothers gaze upon the lovely large eyes of their babes, and expect to see equally large and lovely orbs when the babes become men and women. Unhappily for their anticipations, the eye sinks, while the dwarfed nose and flat brows of the child come out into the world and begin to assert their rights. I do not attempt to account for the fact. It may or may not be the result of displacement; but of the general law there can be no doubt, that normally the prominence of the eye is in the inverse ratio to that of the eyebone: and that when in its appointed season the frontal sinus begins to form, the nose to rise and the eyebone to project, then the supposed organ of language begins to retire. What the full forward eye of the boy signifies is not the gift of tongues, but perceptive power—his faculty of receiving impressions and acquiring knowledge. Now the faculty of learning languages is part of the boy's power of observation—much of his success depending on the same sort of skill as that which enables him to succeed in birds'-nesting—his sense of locality, how the verb looked upon the page. But depending on his power of observation, it is also the severest test to which that faculty can be subjected. And there is therefore this much truth in Gall's doctrine—that the boy who possesses the large, prominent eye will exhibit such a genius for observation as applied to language, the most difficult of his studies, will lead him to the top of his class. This, however, is very different from saying that the eye is the organ of language, and that it is so in men as well as in boys. The truth is, as above stated, that the eye becomes smaller with advancing years. Thought comes, droops the eyelid and loads the brow. Love comes, blinds the sight and half closes the eye. Action comes, frowns into work, and draws tense the lids and lashes of vision. Age comes with cruel crow feet, and puckers up the corners of the eye, so that at the period of life when the man is most apt to exercise his faculty of speech, and to be even garrulous, his eye is smallest. When Gall chose to see eloquence in the full, open eye of a man, he fell into a mistake similar to one committed by Lavater. The latter speaks of the half-open mouth, as the eloquent mouth. It is quite a mistake. The

half-open mouth is the listening mouth. Lavater seems to have been led away by a word. To speak is to open the mouth; therefore the speaker in repose ought to have an open mouth. This may be good in logic—but at any rate it is false in fact. The orator's mouth is a shut mouth; and the extent to which a mouth is open is merely a measure of the passiveness of character. The idiot, perfectly passive, has his mouth wide open, and his tongue lolling out; while, at the other extreme, the man who is intensely active has his lips compressed until sometimes they appear bloodless. Between these extremes there are infinite degrees, of which all we need say is that the active character of the orator will be indicated in the closing of his lips in repose, and that the half-open mouth indicates the receptive character of the listener. The reason of my dwelling upon the point is, that the half-open mouth goes with a full staring eye, which means precisely the same—impressibility. It represents not faculty (or active power), but capacity (or passive power). If ever we find an orator with the full large eye, we may rest assured that it is the index, not of his power of speech, but of his power of receiving and retaining impressions.

It was stated that in three directions the law of homogeneity had to be modified, and that the first of these was in the examination of very youthful or very aged countenances. These present anomalies that demand special treatment. We now come to the second class of cases, and I do not think that I can explain what these are better than by taking a particular example, say, the late Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Disraeli, in the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, gives the following description of Peel :



"Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall, and though of latter years he had become portly, had to the last a comely presence. Thirty years ago, when he was young and lithe, with curling brown

hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished; not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life. The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty. The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression. The eye was not good; it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance. He had the fatal defect also of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed." To assist this description, I give a wood engraving from Lawrence's portrait of Peel, in which, to some extent, the radiant expression of the countenance is tolerably preserved.

Now in Mr. Disraeli's account of Peel's face, several things are to be noticed, but the chief is, that he insists upon a contradiction between the expression of the brow and that of the eye. The brow expressed frankness; the eye, artifice. Supposing this to be the case, the question at once rises, Which reading are we to take, that of the brow or that of the eye, and how are we to account for the contradiction? It will be seen, that according to Mr. Disraeli's view, Peel's brow gave the false, and his eye the true, expression of his character. According to physiognomy, however, the very reverse of this judgment ought to be passed, and I hope to show that physiognomy is right. So far from its being true that the "remarkably frank expression" of Peel's brow was "so different from his character in life," a deeper analysis will show that under a certain constraint of manner and superficial statecraft there was in him an irrepressible open nature. To prove this, we need not quote what the Duke of Wellington said of his perfect truthfulness—it will be enough to quote the testimony of Mr. Disraeli himself. In the same chapter from which has been taken the foregoing description he says of Peel, that "he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then he was ever on the look-out for new ideas, and when he embraced them he did so with eagerness, and often with precipitancy;" in a word, with a want of art and with a remarkable frankness. Surely we have in this statement a perfect explanation of the character of Peel's brow, and an admission of the fact that it expressed the reality of his nature. But if so far there is established the truthfulness of the brow-expression, we have to account for the contradiction between that and the expression of the eye. "The eye was not good," says Mr. Disraeli, "it was sly, and he (that is, Peel) had an awkward habit of looking askance." Here it is indicated that the slyness of expression was not so much in the form as in the action of the eye. No doubt, the question might fairly be raised whether the cunning expression was habitual or only occasional. I

do not raise it, partly because Mr. Disraeli is a good observer, but chiefly because the contradiction which he has noted sometimes occurs, and is worthy of consideration. If Sir Robert Peel's eye was not cunning, let us suppose that it was. How far does this trench upon the doctrine that the features are homogeneous? The truth is, that sometimes there is a show of contradiction between the solid and the mobile parts of the body, between the bony structure and the fleshy tissue. In this case, as we have seen in regarding Peel's brow, we are to place absolute reliance on the testimony of the solid and permanent structure; and whatever contradiction exists between this and other portions of the countenance may be summed up in the statement, that an opposite characteristic, which is not vital, is apt to show itself partially in the fleshy tissues. Thus if Peel had been essentially a crafty man, craft would have showed itself in all his features, bone and flesh alike. But as craft in him was, according to Mr. Disraeli's own description, but the occasionally superinduced necessity of his position, it left its mark only on one of his features, and that one whose expression is determined by very changeable textures. The law of homogeneity, therefore, is so far to be modified, that it admits of a contradiction between the bony and the fleshy structures, always provided that in this contradiction the bony structure represents the real and permanent character, and the fleshy part only an occasional cross current. The case was put to Lavater:—Is it not possible to see in a face a courageous nose between timid eyes? Lavater does not answer the question. Suppose we answer it for ourselves. The answer is, that the contradiction is possible, and that the expression of the nose is to be taken as absolutely true. In many a bold fellow's breast, however, the lamb lies down with the lion, and he who never showed faint heart before, shows it where his affections are engaged and his duty runs counter to his desires. That timidity may well declare itself in the eyes, and be in seeming not real contradiction to the courage of the nose.

Thus far, then, we have set forth the law of homogeneity with two explanations or cautions attached to it. We have still to add a third explanation, from quite a different point of view, and by way of introduction it may be well to continue the examination of Mr. Disraeli's remarks on Peel. "He had the fatal defect of a long upper lip," says Mr. Disraeli, "and his mouth was compressed." That his mouth was compressed sufficiently accords with what has been already stated, as to the character of the eloquent mouth, that it is a closed one. Turn to the other statement as to "the fatal defect." If the long upper lip be, as is commonly supposed, a fatal defect, it is one which belongs to all orators, and to such foremost men as the Shakespeares, Walter Scotts, Goethes, and Schillers. All our best living orators have it, including Mr. Disraeli himself, who has most beautiful lips; and in nearly all the portraits of our great orators the trait is faithfully rendered. It is the lip of all our parliamentary statesmen—whether peers or commoners. The upper lip is far more than is generally supposed the creature of education. I might name an actress, who had such a short upper lip,

that she could never close her mouth, and therefore could not distinctly enunciate certain words. By hard practice under Michelot, in Paris, who was then at the head of his department in the Conservatoire, she managed, with india-rubber balls in her mouth, to elongate her lip, to close her mouth, and to pronounce every possible word, so that now no one speaks more distinctly than she, and her whisper may be heard at the farthest corner of the largest theatre. What this actress did consciously, all great speakers are doing unconsciously. Their practice would elongate the upper lip, if it were not long by nature, and the appearance of the lip (which is a species of the Cupid's bow) suggests, as it falls upon the under one, a process of elongation. The little central drop comes delicately down upon the lower lip, as if in a continual attempt at a nice pronunciation of the *p*'s. Take up the last two volumes of *Lodge's Historical Portraits*, and see this long upper lip coming down to the *p* point in Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, the two Foxes, Lord North, Rockingham, Mansfield, Shelburne, Burke, Sheridan, and many more, down to Grenville, Grey, Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel. If, however, the reader should in his collection of portraits find exception to the foregoing description of the orator's lip, he is not too readily to conclude that the description is false. In nothing, it must be repeated, are portrait painters more unreliable than in the rendering of the upper lip, which they think it necessary to work up to a certain ideal. In Hoppner's likeness of the younger Pitt, the orator is represented with an upper lip so short that the mouth shuts with difficulty. The painter was probably struck with the pride of Pitt's lip, and attempted to embody that above all else. He cannot have done it correctly, however, for earlier pictures represent the heaven-born minister with a much longer lip, and this feature usually does not lessen with age. As to the question whether a long upper lip be or be not a fatal defect, Mozart's ought to give a good answer to it—a beautiful lip in spite of its length, and, like those of the orator and of the Shakspeare class, a species of the Cupid's bow.

The bearing of this introduction may not at first sight be obvious. It will not be obvious at all until one grasps the full meaning of the law of homogeneousness—the key of physiognomical science. There must be no shrinking in the grasp. Even Lavater never fully understood the principle, and hence follow in his pages interminable confusion and indecision. He understood the principle quite well, in so far as it meant that one feature must harmonize with another. He never clearly saw that the very nature of this harmony necessitated the conclusion on which he occasionally insisted, that the whole is in every part. He had a tendency to adopt the phrenological method, to divide the features—to give the nose to one faculty, the mouth to another, and the eyes to a third. He did not see that on the supposition of there being a deep and true harmony in the features, then the nose must suggest everything, the eye everything, and the mouth everything. In his hesitating manner, he tells us in one place that the nose expresses the disdain of the character; in another, he says that it indicates judgment; and yet again he sees in it the sign of taste. Why,

the nose expresses ever so many things. Not only are there disdainful noses, judicious noses, and noses of refined taste,—there are avaricious noses, cruel noses, inquisitive noses, pugnacious noses, comical noses. An organ capable of so many distinct significations, evidently cannot in reason be confined to the expression of one or two dispositions. It may and it does express all. So does the mouth. It is not inconsistent, however, with this view—it is not inconsistent with a determined opposition to the phrenological method of patchwork, to allow that certain features may, in certain points, be particularly expressive. For all that pertains to the gift of speech, we naturally expect that the mouth should give us special information. We look to see the symptoms of work peculiarly denoted in the hand. In the eye, the great organ of observation, it would be strange if we did not see most vividly a man's habit and power of observation. Only this is very different from making a ring fence round any particular feature, and saying, here is to be found such and such a faculty, and nowhere else, and within this ring fence let no other faculty enter. It is but a statement of the fact, that while the whole is in every part, it is not equally so. Sometimes for natural reasons, like those we have referred to in dealing with the lip; sometimes for reasons as yet so little understood, that they seem no more than the caprices of nature, the force of expression shows itself in this individual most vividly in the mouth, in that in the eye. If the principle of these inequalities has not yet been discovered, nevertheless the fact of their existence cannot endanger the law of homogeneity.

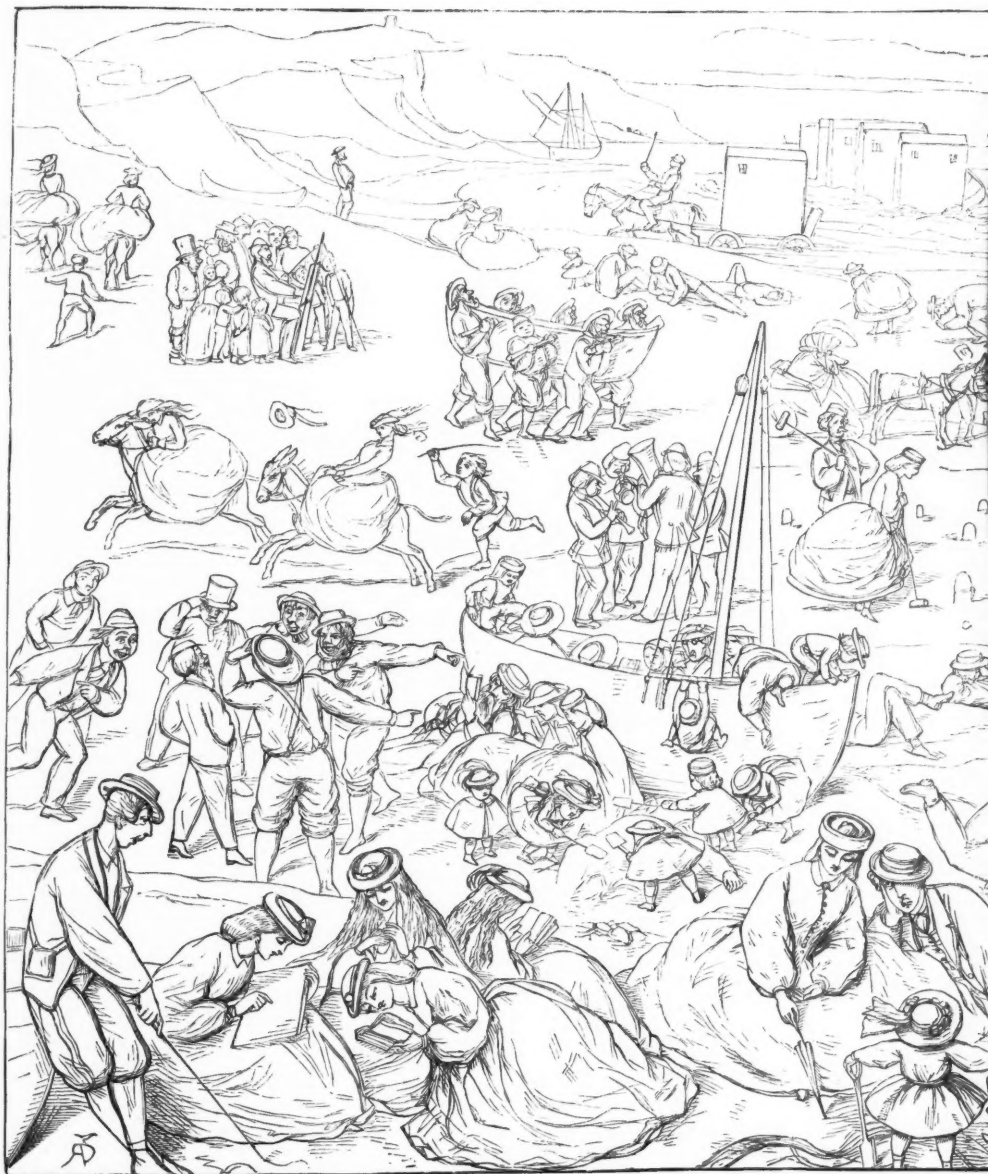
At the Sea-side.

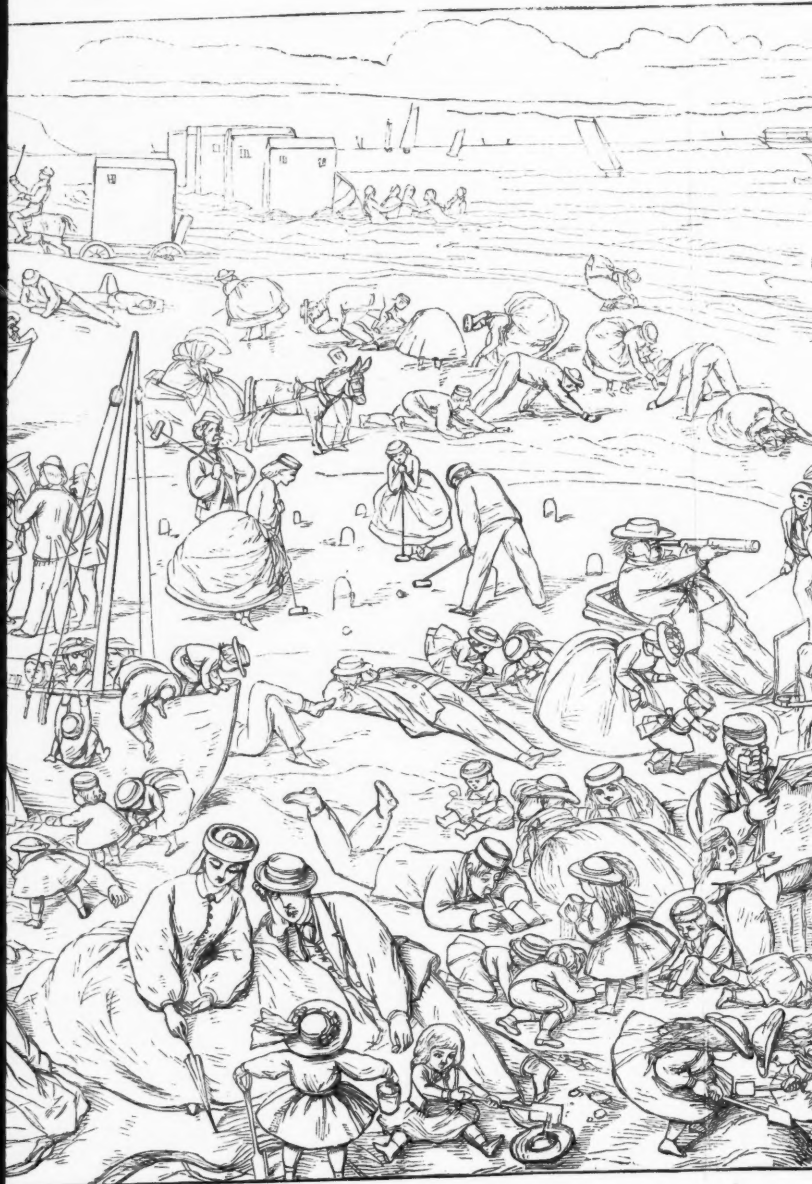


PEOPLE at the sea-side are for the most part intent upon doing nothing, and the object naturally is to do this in as great a variety of ways as possible. A dazzling hot sun glittering upon the waves, and always in one's eyes, and the measured roar of the sea rolling in or rolling out, and perpetually in one's ears, combine to reduce the fatigued cockney, as he reclines upon the sands, and gazes lazily upon the ocean, to a state of the most helpless inactivity. The monotony wearies yet fascinates him; and it is difficult to do otherwise

than stare in a vacant manner at the moaning, foaming, sad sea waves. To fling pebbles, at deliberate intervals, into the sea, is an occupation perhaps the best suited to the situation, the effort to throw while one is in a sitting posture taxing to the utmost the physical energy, while the strain upon the attention required in aiming at a particular crest of an advancing wave is as much as the mind can conveniently bear under the circumstances.

Reading is supposed to be a favourite pastime at the sea-side, but this is a mistake; for although there is always a circulating library, and large quantities of novels, magazines, and books of travel are carried down to the beach each day by the ladies, they don't read them. They may open a volume, perhaps, and then they go to sleep for certain. The only pursuit of men and women, besides bathers, is looking at one another, and at the sea. Every time you go out you meet every one else, and you very soon learn the whole population off by heart, which last you lose sometimes, if you are liable to that kind of loss, inasmuch as young ladies go about with their hair—which requires drying, you know, after having been in the sea—streaming about on their shoulders, and in the wind, in the most picturesque and bewitching way.





At the Sea-side.

Perfect repose cannot be looked for even at the most quiet of sea-sides. If you escape the bore, who is probably on the look-out through his telescope, and about to bear down upon you—and happy is the watering-place which contains only one of that species—there is still that ancient and pertinacious mariner who persists in proposing a sail; there is the juvenile vendor of shrimps approaching by sure steps; the brass band of Germans is pressing for payment; and, as sure as Fate, the original bones of the Ethiopian Serenaders will be round with the hat in a moment, praying to be “remembered.” When the languid visitor has got rid of these; when he is tired of seeing the bathers bobbing up and down in the sea in an absurd manner; when he is satisfied with the contemplation of the various young couples engaged in sentimental conversation, which, at the sea-side, is always accompanied by a most serious and earnest-looking process of drawing hieroglyphic characters of some sort on the sand with the point of a parasol or walking-cane; when he has considered the question of the game of croquet as played upon the beach in all its bearings; when the subject of donkeys and their riders and drivers is exhausted; when the marine painter who has pitched his easel on the sands, and who is struggling with the difficulties of his art and of seeing through the bodies of the maritime population who surround him, has ceased to excite his curiosity; when he has lost all interest in the perilous adventures of parties landing from their boats; when to his heart’s content he has watched the equestrians force their reluctant steeds into the waves; and when the immense but temporary excitement caused by the arrival in the distance of a steamboat has passed away,—let him look on the children playing on the sands, and see if he cannot find pleasure in contemplating their pleasure. For the little people are in their glory here. The sands have been surely made for them. How fresh and handsome they look, the splendid, brave-looking little fellows, in their sailor hats and jackets, the sun shining upon their bright, round, red cheeks, and the pretty little chubby girls with their long hair flying about in the breeze. What intense happiness to dabble up to their ankles in the sea! What delight to dig canals with the little spades, and to build up great castles of sand! What fun to bury one another, and how jolly to dig one another up again, and what a gratification to spoil one another’s clothes!

National Character.

It is one of the favourite opinions of a certain school of modern speculators upon political subjects, that differences of race and national character have little to do with the history of mankind, and that the principal features of that history are determined by physical facts, such as differences in climate, in the productions of different countries, the aspect of natural objects, and other circumstances independent of human control, and in particular independent of individual varieties of character. Like most other speculations of the kind, this controversy is quite as much moral as intellectual. The great inducement to adopt the one view is that it is supposed to exalt the importance and the scope of individual energy, whilst it can hardly be unjust to believe that those who take the other are greatly influenced in their choice by the fact that it invests the intellect with a tyrannical supremacy over the other elements of human nature. The sentiment which animates those who propound such doctrines may be supposed to be something like this:—"You, the common herd of men, pique yourselves on being English, French, or Germans, and boast of the qualities of your race and the glories of your nation; but I, who sit above you all, can see that your respective histories really depend on the facts that some of you live on islands, others on a continent. In some cases your imaginations are affected by mountains, in others by plains. Part of you are bound in iron chains by the exuberant fertility with which Nature pours forth abundant supplies of food, readily procured;—others are stimulated to energy by the sternness with which she requires exertion, and the liberality with which she rewards it. In a word, I see how you were made, and know that you are but dust, however cunningly the dust may be compacted."

It is generally desirable to know something of the moral relations of theories before attempting to inquire into their truth; because, until these relations are expressly ascertained and admitted, it is scarcely possible to avoid their influence. A prepossession once explicitly stated may easily be dealt with reasonably, even if it is not in itself reasonable, for it may be recognised as a disturbing force by the mind which entertains it, and it may be admitted that it diminishes the probability that the conclusions reached under its influence will be altogether impartial. The broad statement made above leaves no doubt which would be the popular side in a discussion upon the existence of national character; but the grounds for this popularity are not reasonable in themselves.

It is one question, whether or not there is such a thing as national character; it is quite another, whether history can be treated as a science. It is perfectly possible to answer either question either way without pre-

judging the other. Thus a man might either believe that there is no such thing as distinct national character, and that there is no possibility of treating history in a scientific manner, or he might believe that history may be scientifically treated, and that national character is one of the principal elements of the problems which such a science would involve. Historical science, like all other sciences which are real, must be founded on facts, and the facts on which it is founded must be ascertained like any others. The characteristic temptation of scientific men to overrate the simplicity of nature displays itself as much in days when the history of a great nation is ultimately derived from climate and earthquakes, as in the time when physical nature was supposed to be composed of four elements. No *à priori* reason can be given why peculiarities of race should not be ultimate phenomena as well as the conformation of the earth itself. If there is anything to analyse, analysis must stop somewhere; nor can anything but experience show where that point will be found. There is, indeed, some inconsistency in the prejudice which the necessarian school of historical inquirers appear to feel against admitting the existence of differences of national character. Such differences would fit into their creed with perfect ease. No reasonable person doubts the existence of closely analogous differences amongst animals. Poodles are not bred from mastiffs, nor crows from pigeons; yet no one supposes that such differences as these offer any obstacle to philosophical theories of natural history. On the contrary, they furnish the conditions which such theories, if they are to be valuable, must fulfil; and there is no reason why the same should not ultimately turn out to be true of human beings. There is no more reason why it should not be an ultimate fact that Frenchmen are made in one way and Englishmen in another, than that cats scratch and dogs bite; and the one fact, when once ascertained, would afford just the same kind of foundation for further speculation as the other.

It ought also to be observed, that there is a great difference between theories as to the existence and theories as to the origin of national character. It is quite possible for those who agree upon the first point, to differ as to the second. Whether the natives of particular countries do or do not bring into the world with them as such certain talents and capacities, is one question; whether or not particular characteristics prevail in a particular nation, rather than in others, is quite another; and it is this second question which, for practical purposes, is important. Upon this point it is hardly possible to conceive that any doubt should be seriously raised. That individuals differ is self-evident; and that the natives of every country resemble each other in their differences from the natives of other countries, is a fact of which the whole current of language and observation testifies in innumerable different ways. The existence, therefore, of national character is a fact which ought to find its place in any sound theory of history, and which is not specially favourable to any; and its nature, its origin, the influences to which it is subject, and the degree of precision with which its component parts can be ascertained, may be dis-

cussed, without exposing those who enter upon the discussion to the charge of neglecting or impugning the doctrines of historical philosophy. The first question which suggests itself upon national character is the question, what it is; and this is closely connected with the question, what is the sense in which we use the words? As to what the character of a nation is, there can be little doubt. It is nothing more than the aggregate of the characters of all its members at a given time. But it may at first sight appear to follow from this that every current observation about national character must be taken to be false, and that every one who makes observations on the subject must be held to do so on grounds ludicrously inadequate to the conclusions which they are intended to support. Most of us, for example, have a very vivid, if not a very definite and exhaustive notion of our own national character. We should all be ready to attest in any form, and to maintain with the highest degree of conviction, the assertion that we English are a brave and energetic people; yet who can pretend to have known, say, five hundred individual Englishmen intimately enough to be able to say of each of them whether or no he was brave or energetic—if we had, what are they amongst so many? If we leave out of account the Scotch, the Irish, and the Welsh, there are at least eighteen millions of Englishmen in the proper sense of the word, upon whose character we are passing an opinion; and why are we to argue to the characters of the seventeen million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and five hundred, with whom we are not acquainted, from our imperfect notions of the remaining five hundred, of whom we know a little? Confining ourselves to those whom we do know, it is certain that there will be great differences amongst them. Of the five hundred, a considerable number would probably be cowards, and even more would be sluggards, and courage and energy would be distributed amongst the remainder in very different degrees. Nor does the difficulty stop here. It extends to and infects the words which we use. For example, the word 'energetic'—a far simpler word than 'brave'—means active, inclined to exertion; but the greatest sluggard that ever lived has some inclination to exert himself. The feeblest and most self-indulgent invalid would prefer being occasionally driven out in a carriage, or wheeled about his house, to remaining all day long in the same position. On the other hand, the most active man that ever lived sometimes requires rest, and at times feels a difficulty and hesitation in setting to work. 'Energetic' is therefore a term of degree. It means that the person whom it denotes has a greater degree of energy than others with whom he is compared. Therefore, when a nation is described as energetic, it must, or rather it ought, to be meant (if national character is the aggregate of the characters of all the members of the nation at a given time) that the aggregate amount of energy in England is greater than the aggregate amount of energy usually is in other nations in proportion to their size. Thus, without a common standard of national energy, it would be impossible to predicate it of any nation in particular. The difficulty increases in proportion

to the complication of the qualities ascribed to any particular nation. It would, for example, be far more difficult to say what was meant by predicating courage of a given nation than to say what was meant by ascribing energy to it. Courage is shown in a thousand forms, and is manifested in some or other of them to some extent or other by every human creature. To assert, therefore, that any one nation is brave—that is, that it is brave comparatively speaking—would be upon the supposition under discussion as to the nature of national character—a proposition too intricate to understand, and far too intricate to attempt to prove.

It seems to follow that if common and influential observations upon this subject are supposed to have any meaning and any value at all, they must be understood to proceed upon a different basis. The national character to which they refer must be something else than the aggregate of the individual character of the members of the nation for the time being. What is that something? The answer is curious, not only on account of the singular facts on which it throws light, but also because it affords an instructive specimen of the manner in which people are compelled to think upon questions which they can neither pass over altogether, nor subject to the minute and exhaustive investigations which are indispensable for some scientific purposes. What people really do mean by national character is, the character of an imaginary person or persons, whom they construct in their own minds as representatives of the nation of which they speak. They know, partly by books, partly by observation, and partly by report, something of the people whom they mean to describe. They combine their impressions with more or less skill and completeness into ideal characters, which they invest with the different qualities which have struck them in individuals; and it is this ideal person which they really mean when they speak of England, France, or America, and to which they really ascribe the qualities which they say are inherent in the English, French, or American national characters. Our own every-day experience supplies a good instance of this. We have performed expressly and consciously, for jocular purposes, an operation closely analogous to that which we, in common with the rest of the world, are constantly performing unconsciously and incompletely with more serious objects. We have set up, half in sympathy, half in fun, an ideal Englishman, who, to ourselves and to a great part of the world, represents a considerable part of the national character. This ideal personage is John Bull! We constantly say, John Bull will never stand this; John Bull is not to be bullied; John Bull is easily led by the nose, and is the greatest baby in the world. The French have a somewhat similar way of speaking, though they characteristically prefer the stilted and tragic vein to burlesque. Their John Bull is "La France." "La France" is the soldier of God, the head of European civilisation, and several other things of the same sort; just as John Bull is sometimes the shopkeeper, sometimes the yeoman, and sometimes the prizefighter of that drama of European politics which we act each in our own imagination with puppets which each person constructs for himself for the purpose.

If we subtract the spice of fun from John Bull, and the spice of brag from La France, what remains of those figures of speech which serve as fair specimens of the way in which we are by the nature of the case compelled to speak and think about national character? We no doubt both may and ought to form more serious and moderate notions of nations than these; but there is no other way of forming them, and we cannot dispense with them altogether. That this is so need not surprise any one who reflects on the manner in which all our knowledge upon every subject is gained. We observe, we combine, we use the propositions suggested by our observation as the groundwork of inferences; we compare those inferences with facts, and we then argue back to the premises from the difference between the facts and the conclusion. For example: from observing a variety of facts of various kinds, various physical philosophers were led to imagine that there was such a thing as an electrical fluid, the action of which might be classified under certain rules. From the existence of this creature of their own imaginations, they inferred that certain results ought to follow: when they found that, in fact, other results more or less resembling those which they expected did occur, they modified their notions of the electrical fluid; but without the first imperfect notion on the subject, they would never have arrived at the more correct ones which they afterwards succeeded in reaching. This process is strictly analogous to that which we follow with respect to national character. We observe Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans, as well as we can; we then personify England, France, and America; and we may, if we are wise, apply our personifications to the facts which occur before our eyes, and ask ourselves how far we ought to modify our previous conceptions in order to account for their having happened. Thus, John Bull is our personification of England; but which feature in John Bull's character is it which accounts for the depth and ardour with which philosophical and scientific subjects have at various periods in our history been studied amongst us? It is obvious that to make John Bull a real representative of English character, we must ascribe to him much deeper and more serious qualities than those which are embodied in the caricature; though if the ideal personage is to be like the reality, the points illustrated by the caricature must not be passed over.

If further justification of this mode of judging of national character be required, it may be found in the consideration that it is in principle identical, not only with the common processes by which scientific inquiries are conducted, but in particular with the process by which we judge of the characters of individuals. When we think of a man, that of which we think is not the man himself, but the conception which we have formed of him, partly from his appearance, partly from his manners, partly from what we have seen or heard of his conduct; and this conception is constantly being modified. One of the commonplaces of amatory poetry is the delight of discovering new perfections in the object of love, and one of the most exquisite of what Bentham described as the pleasures of malevo-

lence, is that of seeing deeper and deeper colours come out in an object of detestation. The difference between our conception of individual and our conception of national character, is one of evidence. We have fewer, and in some respects less, satisfactory grounds for the opinion which we form upon the character of a multitude of men than for that which we form upon a single person; but we form each in the same way.

The general result is that the object to be aimed at in inquiries into national character is to ascertain the aggregate of the characters of the individuals of whom the nation consists at a given time; but that when we speak of the national character of a given nation, our words really refer to the character which we have in our own mind assigned to a creature of our own imaginations, who represents to us the nation at large. This character we ought to modify from time to time as our experience is enlarged, in order to make it as correct as possible; but it is only by means of such personification, that we can entertain the subject at all.

Such being the nature of the subject-matter of our inquiries, and of the method by which they are conducted, the next question which arises is, what is the value of our personification of a particular nation considered as evidence of the aggregate characters of the persons who compose it. We personify nations in different ways according to the relations in which we think of them. For some purposes we think of a nation as an individual, for others as a corporation, for others as an aggregate of a number of different persons, classes, and professions; but inasmuch as we usually attribute character only to individuals, real or imaginary, we generally think of a nation as an individual or as a corporation when we ascribe national character to it. What, then, are the parts of a nation which are represented in that personification of it which we invest with a distinctive national character? They are those which we have the most frequent occasion to notice and the greatest inclination to remember. Inclination has much to do with the matter, for the character which we assign to a nation is something between a memorandum and a portrait; and viewed as a portrait it is hardly ever exempt from a certain tendency to depreciation, or at least to caricature. Apart from this bias, what are the parts of a nation which we have most frequent occasion to notice? This differs according to circumstances; but, generally speaking, we notice almost every part of our own nation, for there is hardly any class or district in it which is not brought in some way or other into close relations with all the rest. With regard to foreign countries this is not so. The same set of relations usually prevail between all independent nations. The most important of that number are politics, war, commerce, literature, and society.

It follows from this that the character which we assign to the ideal being who represents to us our own nation may be expected to resemble the aggregate of the characters of the members of the nation more closely than will be the case with respect to foreign countries; but whether our attention is directed to our own nation or to any other, the general principle

on which our estimate is formed will be the same. We take certain parts of the population as the representatives of the rest; we neglect entirely the character of the rest of the population, and we neglect those parts of the characters of the representatives selected which do not appear to us to relate to the purpose which we have in view in forming in our own minds the ideal person or persons to whom national character is to be ascribed. In shorter and simpler language, we mean by the character of a nation an ideal formed out of part of the character of part of the nation. What, then, is the part of the nation which we thus select as representatives of the rest? What are the parts of their characters which we select as representations of the rest of their characters? And what relation do these parts bear to the whole to which they respectively belong? It is obvious that the answer to these three questions taken together would give an account of the degree in which national character represents the aggregate of the characters of the members of a given nation.

First, then, what part of a nation do we habitually select as a representative of the rest for the purpose of estimating national character? The general answer is, that part with which we are habitually brought into contact. Thus a sailor, a merchant, a missionary, or a diplomatist, would probably give very different accounts of the Chinese, according to the different relations in which they had seen them and the different persons with whom they had been brought into contact; but after a time these accounts are brought together, and form a whole, which prevails in a more or less definite shape amongst all those who have competent information on the subject. What, then, is the general nature of the elements out of which that whole is compounded? In the first place, it is obvious that all the observations which are made upon national character are made upon the most prominent members of the class which comes under consideration. A man travels from London to Paris, and on the road meets and has some degree of intercourse with, say, twenty Frenchmen. Probably seventeen or eighteen suggest to him nothing whatever. The guard asks for his ticket, the porter carries his luggage, and his companions on the railway read or talk just like the people to whom he has always been accustomed; but from, perhaps, two or three of the members he hears something unfamiliar, which seems to him striking and characteristic. The seventeen or eighteen commonplace people pass from his mind altogether, and the two or three who have exhibited some peculiarity make an impression, and contribute something to his notion of French character or manners. When a wider range is taken, and the history and the political institutions of a nation are searched, in order to discover its character, the same process is always repeated, though in this case its operation is less easily detected. All history is concerned chiefly with minorities. The utmost that the majority ever do, however violent and unanimous their action may be, is to give their consent to what a small minority proposes. For example, no more tumultuous, and few more important incidents occurred in French history than the taking of the

Bastille: but by whom was it really taken? Not by the vast crowd who happened to be on the spot, brought and kept there, in most cases, either by curiosity or by aimless or delirious excitement, but by the handful of men who made use of the opportunity which presented itself of turning popular passion in that direction. Yet the transaction has always been felt to be strong evidence of the national character of France, because, in speculating on the subject, we select as the representatives of the nation those who have, in point of fact, persuaded the body of the nation to follow their lead. This observation is easily extended to laws, to institutions, and, in some degree, to literature. Laws and institutions are imposed upon the mass of mankind by a few persons superior to the rest in knowledge and activity. Books are written by a minority, numerically altogether inconsiderable, and the members of it are, for the most part, divided from the mass of their fellows by wide differences of pursuits, temper, and talents. It is, however, from the character of these minorities that we usually derive our notions of national character. We say that it is the character of one people to be free, and of another to be servile; and that their institutions prove it, when, in fact, we adopt such a mode of judging of national character as to take those persons only into account by whom the institutions in question were made. Can any reasonable man, competently acquainted with the people of this country, affect to doubt that if, by any calamity, a despotism should be erected amongst us, it would be implicitly submitted to by a large proportion of the population; and that if it were overthrown it would be by the courage and skill of a small minority enlisting on its side the quiet dissatisfaction of the bulk of the people? Yet our institutions are universally regarded as the strongest evidence of our national character. The result is, that our estimate of the character of a nation is formed, not from its average, but, as a rule, from its conspicuous members, and that we therefore are in danger of leaving out of account what must always be the largest, and may be the most important, part of the population.

How far, then, does this cause a divergence between the character which we ascribe to a given nation, and the aggregate characters of the members of that nation at a given time? This will depend to a great extent on the circumstances and character of the nation which is the subject of examination, for there is a great difference between the degree in which the character, the institutions, and the literature of different nations represent the bulk of the people. In some cases there is little sympathy between a nation and its rulers. It would have been a great mistake to assume that the national character of Spain and France in the last century was adequately represented by the governments of those countries; yet the assumption was constantly, and, indeed, unavoidably made. The degradation into which the wretched government of Louis XV. had brought the French institutions entailed upon the nation all sorts of disgrace and defeat, and produced in our own country and elsewhere a very false notion as to the qualities of the mass of the French people. So literature, which is one of

the best of all sources of evidence as to national character, may give a thoroughly false notion of it, for its authors may be thoroughly divided, not only by knowledge, but by sentiment, from the people amongst whom they live. A man would be much misled who took his notion of the ordinary run of Germans from an acquaintance with German literature. Independently, however, of such special considerations, it may be observed generally that the necessity under which we are practically laid, of arguing to the character of the bulk of a nation from the notions which we have formed in our own minds of the character of a part of it, generally leads us to draw a mental picture more striking and impressive than the facts warrant. Remembering the French Révolution, the wars of Napoleon, the harmonious and extensive system of administration which prevails in France, the striking features of French literature, and the important part played by France in European politics, we invest the French national character with all sorts of striking attributes. We put together heroic courage, extreme ardour, a passion for consistency and system, and other qualities of the same kind, and we are thus led to forget that we are idealising some thirty-five million human creatures, the great mass of whom are perfectly tame, commonplace, and free from any particular enthusiasm for anything whatever. In the same way we are never tired of extolling amongst other things the extraordinary energy and perseverance of our own countrymen, nor can any one deny that the assertion has a meaning, but its meaning is not that every Englishman is, or that the majority of Englishmen are, distinguished for energy or perseverance, but that the minority who have done the most noticeable things in our history were men of great energy, and that they gave our affairs a turn which created an unusual demand for energetic men, and gave them unusual opportunities of distinction. There is no want of idleness in this country, but it gives extraordinary prizes to men of energy, and thus the energetic minority win for the nation at large a far higher character in that respect than most of its members deserve.

Our conceptions of national character fall short of the aggregate characters of the members of nations, not merely in noticing only the characters of the active and conspicuous minority, but also in noticing only a part of their character. They notice that part only which is conspicuously shown, and leave out of sight much that is not brought into activity by circumstances, or is not brought under the notice of the persons who form the conception. The best, or at any rate the most familiar illustrations of this are afforded by the estimates which we form of ancient nations, the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans. Nothing can be more distinct than the notion which we have of the character of each of these three races, nor can anything be more partial. We always invest the Jews, whether ancient or modern, with a few striking but most unpleasant attributes, such as stubborn obstinacy, intense national and religious feeling, somewhat narrow shrewdness, and an unsocial exclusive zeal for themselves and their own modes of thought and conduct; and no doubt, if we

view them in their corporate capacity we have a right to paint them in these colours; but we ought to remember that in doing so we paint only those features which the net result of their history has impressed on our minds. We think of the Jews as the recipients of the revelation on which Christianity was founded, and as the people amongst whom the transactions recorded in the Old Testament took place. It is not only a natural, but almost an unavoidable error, to identify them so completely with their and with our own religious belief, as to suppose that their religion coloured and almost absorbed the whole of their life, and that the harsh and solemn features of the portrait which we draw present not only a faithful, but a complete resemblance to the original. It requires little reflection to see how far this impression is from the truth. The Jews lived in Palestine for about fifteen centuries, and were during the greater part of that time a populous and prosperous nation. Hundreds of thousands of them must have known little of the law or of the religion of their nation, and have turned their attention almost exclusively to the common subjects of human interest. Indeed from their whole history it is obvious that they had, as they still have, not merely that ardent love of material prosperity which is certainly included in all our notions of their national character, but also strong family and personal affections, which the common conception of their character does not notice.

As our conception of the Jewish national character is framed principally upon its religious aspect, so our conception of the Greeks relates mainly to their intellect, and our conception of the Romans mainly to their government. There are many sides of the Greek character which our current views of it do not include; for example, their great religious susceptibility and their want of moral principle. Our principal relation to them is through the great writers whose works still form our best models of literary excellence, and we therefore pass over the other phases of their character, or at least we do not habitually call them to mind when we think of the Greeks. The Romans supply an even better illustration of the gaps which generally occur in our notions of national character. No character is more widely diffused, or is in itself more definite than that of the ancient Roman. The words have something like a proverbial familiarity, and recal at once the well-known lines—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I saw the masters of mankind go by."

Yet no one can read attentively either the literature or the history of Rome without seeing how partial a notion this is, even of that part of the nation to which it has any reference at all. The description is confined to the aristocracy. It leaves unnoticed the great bulk of the people, and it also leaves unnoticed many of the features of the characters of their masters. Let any one, for example, read Cicero's orations, and consider what they imply on the part of the audience. The common theory is, that a Roman senator was one of the most austere, dignified, and impass-

sive of men, sparing the humble, beating down the proud, and contemptuously abandoning to Greeks the prize of eloquence and art. No doubt reasons can be given for this view of the matter ; but Cicero's orations prove beyond a doubt that it is not a complete one: they show that the Roman notions of law, dignity, and gravity, did not exclude the most furious excitability and the most intense delight in turgid scolding, which would in the present day be altogether intolerable on this side of the Atlantic, and would cause bowie knives and revolvers to leap from their cases on the other. That the Romans, notwithstanding their graver characteristics, had a full share of the hot blood and excitability which we attribute to modern Italians, is a fact which has not as yet been embodied in the national character with which we usually clothe our ideal Romans.

Though the notions which we frame of national character are thus for the most part defective in two respects—in making a part of the character of a part of the population stand for the whole of the character of the whole of the population—there is one large and most important element of national character to which these observations do not apply. National character, in the strict sense of the words, ought, as has been already observed, to mean the aggregate of all the characters of all the members of the nation at a given time. No full analysis of the elements of individual character has obtained general recognition ; but it is probably not altogether incorrect to say that it may be divided into physical, intellectual, and moral qualities on the one hand, and temperament, manners, tastes, and capacity on the other. It is easy to imagine two men equally strong, equally able, equally honest, equally brave, equally temperate, and equally benevolent, who should yet be utterly unlike in body and mind. Thus the one might be of a sanguine, the other of a bilious temperament; one might be simple and reserved in manner, the other open and at the same time elaborate; one might be lively, the other grave; one might like active life, the other speculation; one might habitually direct his mind to great subjects, the other to trifles. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, "He is quite a different sort of man from so and so," though they would not be able to specify any particular moral or intellectual quality in which the difference resided. It is their differences of temperament, tastes, manners, and capacity which impress people most forcibly, which determine the degree of sympathy with which they usually regard each other, and which they recognise most quickly on the best evidence. A man must be very deficient in imagination or observation who can talk with another for half an hour without obtaining a distinct and vivid though an indefinite impression as to what sort of man he is. Even the shape of the figure, the width of the shoulders, the capacity of the chest, the way in which the head is set on the neck, give some information before a word is spoken; whilst the play of the features and the tone of the voice often tell more than volumes of description. Members of the same family will want no further evidence of displeasure or satisfaction than the change of expression and tone, which they would find it

impossible to specify. That these indeterminate elements of character, which are also in many respects the most important of all, are transmitted from parents to their children, and may thus be said to run in the blood and belong to the race, is proved by almost every one's experience. An honest father will often have a rascally son ;—an able father will often have a stupid son ; but in almost every family a person who has been accustomed to look not merely at books, but at men, will see in the children the parents' ways of doing things, their modes of thought and feeling, their tastes, their manners, and most frequently their sympathies. A father and son may have followed different professions, have lived in different classes of society, have formed opinions upon the most important matters diametrically opposed to each other, and have met with very different measures of success in their pursuits and in their moral conduct ; and yet there may be a degree of similarity between them which would enable an observer to say with confidence that if the two men had changed places they would also have changed lives. Indeed, it may be said, though it is a saying which must not be pressed too hard, that the differences between parents and children are more often differences of quantity than of quality ; the material and the pattern are for the most part the same, or closely similar, though the quantity of stuff differs indefinitely.

It is to this class of qualities, recognised as they are rather by quick casual observation than by the deliberate examination of books, institutions, or historical events, that most, and the most popular, of our observations on national character refer, and they unquestionably rest on more substantial grounds than our observations on the other and, in one sense, the more important elements of character. It is in one sense a more important question whether a man or a nation is honest than whether he is excitable ; and the first question can be brought into a much more definite form, and referred to much more definite tests, than the second ; but the evidence as to excitability is far more abundant and trustworthy than the evidence as to honesty. Any man of ordinary habits of observation might satisfy himself on the one point in a short interview ;—he might remain in doubt on the other for many years. Putting together the facts that peculiarities of temperament, taste, and manner are for the most part easily identified by passing observation ; that they are hereditary ; and that the boundaries of nations nearly coincide for the most part with the boundaries of races, and always refer to and are influenced by them,—it will follow that such peculiarities are true national characteristics, that their existence is capable of being easily ascertained upon good evidence, and that they will apply for the most part not merely to a part of the character of a part of the nation, but to the whole of the character of the bulk of the nation.

The general result is, that the national character which we usually ascribe to any given nation is in reality the character of an ideal being whom we form in our own minds as the representative of the nation ;

that the moral and intellectual qualities which we ascribe to this creature of our imagination are such of the qualities of the conspicuous minority or minorities of the nation as we have had special reason to notice, and that his temperament and general turn of body, mind, and manner for the most part represent qualities which are common to the bulk of the nation of which he is the representative.

This view of the nature of national character and of the degree in which it represents the aggregate of the individual characters of the members of the nation to which it is ascribed, is capable of almost indefinite illustration. The examination of one or two specific instances will serve to show its application to facts. It is a common observation that the French are a very logical people, and it is hardly less common to assert that they are extremely fickle. The first of these assertions refers to an intellectual quality, the second to a peculiarity of temperament. According, therefore, to the preceding observations the assertion that the French are logical ought to apply to part of the intellectual character of a conspicuous and active minority of the nation. The assertion that they are fickle ought to be true, or at least to be founded upon truth, and to apply to the bulk of the people. First, then, what does the assertion that the French are a very logical people mean, and is it true? What it means is, that the political institutions and the arrangement of the administration in France is systematic, and that their principal writers have always been fond of general speculation. This is no doubt perfectly true; but all these things are emphatically the work of minorities, in some cases of small minorities. That the administration, the laws, and the government of France are harmoniously and systematically arranged, is due not to the fact that the great mass of French people are devotedly attached to order and system, but to the fact that the Revolution afforded a wonderful opportunity of introducing order and system into a chaos to a man who had the genius to use it, and who was not a Frenchman, but an Italian.

France is the oldest country in Europe, and for nearly 1,300 years was one of the least systematic in its laws and government. One of Voltaire's favourite topics was to contrast the regularity of English institutions with the confusion and obscurity of those of France. As to the tendency of French writers to general speculations, it no doubt exists, though not to the extent which the commonplaces current on the subject assume. It is, however, capable of being easily explained by special circumstances, and without resorting to the notion of any marked peculiarity in the French intellect. On many points the French writers resorted to general speculation because the circumstances of their time and country supplied them with no materials for anything else. Rousseau, whose close connection with France entitles the French to claim him as a countryman, theorized about the origin of society and the state of nature, because he found himself opposed to and unrecognised by the actual society and the political institutions by which he was

surrounded. He was driven to general speculation because the special and actual state of things was distasteful to him.

The influence of the central monarchy, of the Roman Catholic creed, and the absence of a general system of law, and of any real legislative authority, all had a marked influence on the few eminent French writers whose works have created the impression that there is something specially logical in the French intellect. It would be an absurd mistake to suppose that ordinary Frenchmen reason either better or more systematically and neatly than other people. They have a sharpness and dexterity of manner which accounts for the impression that they do so; but this is a matter not of understanding but of temperament. It thus appears that the assertion that the French intellect is specially logical, means, in so far as it is true, that we ascribe great logical power to the ideal Frenchman who represents the nation at large in our minds, because a conspicuous and energetic minority of Frenchmen were led for various reasons to do memorable acts adopted by the nation at large in a systematic and what is often, though inaccurately, called a logical manner.

Take next the assertion that the French are a fickle people. This relates to their temperament, and ought, therefore, according to the principles stated above, to be true, or founded on truth, and to rest upon strong and abundant evidence. The first observation that the word suggests is, that it conveys one of those half-latent reproaches from which international criticisms are hardly ever free. Nor ought it to be forgotten that its currency was originally due in a great measure to a scornful misapprehension of the frequent changes of government which have taken place in France during the last seventy years, and which really prove, not the fickleness of the French, but the fact that the great parties between which the nation has been divided were balanced evenly enough to gain alternate victories. Setting aside as false so much of the statement as is due to these impressions, what remains will be found to be equivalent to the statement that the French are not fickle, but,—to use Mr. Miles's correction of the statement—*mobile*: a people whose feelings are easily moved, and readily influence their conduct. Thus qualified, the statement will be found to be not only true, but most important, and its truth will be found to rest on evidence so authentic and abundant that every one might safely bear it in mind, and apply it to his intercourse with almost every Frenchman whom he might happen to meet.

The assertion itself implies, not that the people for whom it is made are changeable, that they sometimes like one class of qualities, and sometimes another, that they will take a liking to a man without a reason, and desert him without a cause;—but that they form their judgments very quickly, act on them very promptly, and are easily moved to enthusiastic feeling, whether of love or hatred. That such feelings are sometimes as enduring as they are rapid, the history both of France and Athens abundantly shows. The Athenians trusted Pericles through defeat, pestilence, and famine with unalterable devotion, and the French soldiers

devoted themselves to Napoleon with an ardent personal attachment, superior to all forms both of danger and suffering. This, no doubt, was due to the fact that these great men constantly, directly, and forcibly appealed to the quick feelings which were so easily excited, and so retained them for many years in the same position. The importance of knowing, and habitually acting on the principle that this is the characteristic of a nation, is self-evident. It would, for example, supply an urgent reason to its rulers for avoiding anything which could shock the national sentiment, even though it might be capable of being justified and explained upon careful consideration. It would enable them to adapt the institutions which they set up (as in the case of the Legion of Honour) to its peculiar tastes. It might, in short, supply endless rules of conduct to every one who had to deal with them, in either public or private affairs. The evidence on which it rests is overwhelming, and applies not to any minority, but to the whole bulk of the nation. The whole history of France shows the existence of the quality in question in vast masses of people, and records instances of the instinctive readiness and complete success with which it was reckoned and acted on by all those who knew most of the French character. It shows itself in the opinions, in the manner, in the looks and gestures of almost every Frenchman on every possible occasion; and hence the assertion, that the French are fickle, which relates to a question of temperament, though it stands in need of correction, because it is not accurately expressed, nevertheless points to a quality which is common to almost all Frenchmen, which it is most important for every one who deals with the French to bear in mind, and which is established by abundant and trustworthy evidence.

This view of the nature of national character, and of the degree in which it represents the aggregate characters of the individual members of a nation, is intended only to show the meaning of the current language on the subject, and its relation to one or two of its most general bearings. Many curious questions suggest themselves as to the mode in which national character is formed and changed, and as to the distinctions to be observed in respect to the words in what it is described; but these are too extensive to be discussed on the present occasion.

I "No."

Oh, love me not! my heart is frail and weak,
 The burden of thy love it cannot bear:
 My life stands still to listen if thou speak
 What reason whispers that I must not hear:

Not hear thy words of pledged fidelity,
 Not look upon the bliss thou paint'st for me,
 For all my soul goes sorrowing up to see
 How much of grief the Future has for thee!

For thee and me, if these two words should be,
 If these two lives should run in one indeed:
 But oh! this cannot, may not, must not be—
 Nay, turn thine eyes away, they shall not plead.

See what a shadow is already cast
 From Love's sad wings upon thy shining brow;—
 The darkness of his presence thickens fast;
 He comes, he comes—oh! fly him even now.

Thy voice is faint and weak—it stoops to mine—
 But it must rise to fill a People's ear.
 Fly! I am little, little to resign;
 In future years *how* little, will appear.

Thine eyes see nothing but two tearful stars—
 Two tearful stars are all mine eyes can see,
 But thine must gaze into futurity;
 Oh, lift them up and mine too will be free!

Free, joyous, to pursue thy shining course,
 Ready to beam with thy reflected light,
 Radiant with glory from thy glorious source,
 My feebleness rejoicing in thy might.

Wilt thou not go?—For my sake then, dear friend,
 Depart, depart, for oh! I am so weak,
 And love so strong,—yet will I not descend
 To be his slave, despite this burning cheek.

Love bends a rainbow o'er my earthly sea,
He shall not stand between my God and me;
I must not in the glory that I see,
Forget the glories of the great "To Be"

E'en for an instant; and full well I know
Those rainbow tints would fall in misty tears,
And leave me helpless, hopeless, here below,
With no strength left for all the coming years.

Love is not happiness—our soaring hopes
Stretch out and think to grasp the Infinite;
The Mortal with the Immortal vainly copes,
And in the struggle Love dies into night!

The happiest love lies a dull aching load
On our poor hearts, which heavier grow each beat;
The flower too freely dew-fed will be bowed,
Will drop, may die, altho' its load be sweet.

And oh! if thou shouldst change, as change thou must,
For *man's* love is a frail and fleeting thing—
A smiling angel crumbling into dust
If but a hand be laid upon his wing—

I could not bear it,—oh! I *could* not bear
That thou shouldst be less loving than thou art.
Thou "wouldst not change? and always, everywhere
I should reign queen of mind, and soul, and heart?"

If thou shouldst love me for ten thousand days,
And *one* day scorn me—oh! my life would be
Thenceforth one wildering, dreary, weary maze,
Too dearly bought by past felicity.

Go, and thou takest with thee my prayers, my tears,
This kiss upon thy brow: I bid thee go.
I say it now and for all future years
Ever, for ever and for ever, "No!"

M. AND A.

C o o k s.

THE brotherhood whose apology I write is a suffering and a noble one. Its members have not their fair share of the rewards of genius: undeserved obloquy, the sneer of the superficial, the derision of the thoughtless, mock their loftiest aspirations, and thwart their happiest impulses. And yet, by the head of Apicius! it is a grand thing to be a Cook. The bauble and the gaud may be the lot of other artists. Painters may receive the *accolade* of British knighthood. Sculptors may wear the cross of the Legion. Pencil and pen, chisel and graver, may win the applause of the millions who grudge a poor wreath of bays to their truest benefactors; but still calm in his conscious merit, the Cook toils on. The science in behalf of whose professors I would plead is of all time—eternal as the hills. Man is a cooking animal, according to the very strictest logical definition; and it is a thing to be proud of. It is more complimentary, I am certain, than definition No. 2, in which man is described as a biped without feathers. Why, poor Jocko the organ-grinder's monkey, capering yonder in his red jacket and laced cap, is a biped too, and as featherless as Socrates.

The whole magic of the kitchen, the art of dressing into a savoury and a wholesome repast what the wolf and the locust devour raw, is older than history itself. The hoariest chronicles make mention of that skill, so necessary, so humanizing. Even amid the mists of Grecian fables we catch glimpses of the culinary artist, meek and thoughtful, among his Homeric roasts, his cauldrons filled with seething flesh—the Cyclopean school of a rude epoch. Yes: though the jealousy or neglect of the poets has denied the Cook a place among the heroes and demigods of Dr. Lempriere's Pantheon, we may be sure that there was other work done in Greece than the braining of Hydras and the deodorization of Augean stables. Hercules would not have plied his club so lustily if Dejanira had been a bad *femme de menage*; and Theseus would scarcely have behaved so shabbily if Ariadne had kept up anything like a decent table at home. Glancing casually at the fact that Homer's warriors, encamped before that older Sebastopol of theirs, were as fond of the banquet as of the battle morning, and feasted right royally on hecatombs of roast meat,—we find the Athenian, in the glow of his glory, a Cook. Among the skilful men of Greece, the Cook had his place and his plaudits. It was not *all* æsthetic, that Athenian existence; not every one of that large-brained race devoted his fiery energy and his nimble fingers to carving Pallas in ivory, to modelling Apollo in electrum, or to coaxing sparrows with a bunch of painted cherries blushing temptation from the

canvas. The same inventive force which of a block of white Paros marble could mould a woman, tall, queenly, most lovely and delicate, or a sun-god with unshorn hair and matchless limbs, motionless, yet on the threshold of life, it seemed, so perfect was the mockery—that same inventive force gave law and order to the kitchen. Yes, your Cook—that so base a name should designate, in our bluff tongue, so high an office!—your Cook is your true civiliser, and Greece was his birthplace. Aristophanes does not shoot his bitter arrows against Cooks. That keen poet—the Swift of his time—had an evident respect for a good dinner. He, who flouted the sages and bespattered the stilted tragedians of Athens, spoke of banquets and their providers with a decorous respect unusual to that gall-dipped reed of his. Aristophanes belonged to the Country Party—the Athenian Conservatives: he was a fine old Grecian gentleman—or, at the very least, a trencherman and hanger-on of gentlemen of such a kidney; and preferred dinners to democracy. In a republic there have always been two classes of republicans: the school of the platform, and the school of the kitchen. On one hand, your wordy, noisy patriot—your stump-orator—eating his turnips after growing them *à la Cincinnati*, making his meal of herbs, not always love-seasoned perhaps, and hurrying off to his *caucus* and his speech and his huzzaing crowd:—on the other hand, your elegant citizen, rich, refined, and a *dilettante*, living in Fifth Avenue, and dining sumptuously, with burnished plate and snowy linen, every day of his life. Between these two classes you will seldom find much sympathy. Rose-water republicans shrink away from the greasy, unwashed democrats, reeking of cheap liquor, garlic, and tobacco, who divide with them the popular sovereignty. Whiskyfied Gracchus, on his part, has a poor idea of his dainty compeer, sneers at his fine clothes, carriage, and house, is jaundiced by his savoury dinners, soured by his old wine, and regards him as a traitor to liberty, who has aspirations after gold sticks, and hankers for a monarchy. So Aristophanes and his party—the upper ten thousand (or, more probably, in little Athens, the upper one hundred)—had aspirations after gold sticks, and hankered for a monarchy—a snug system where a benevolent despot should curb that odious brawling *demos*, that manyheaded turbulent vestry, whose uproar scared Athens from its quiet and ruined the digestion of its magnates. They gave dinners, those untitled aristocrats, those aldermen of Athens, and they honoured their Cooks as prudent Amphitryons should. True, the Cook was generally a slave; but what of that? In old Hellas and her colonies—the Virginias and Sydneys she planted—many eminent men were slaves. *Æsop* was a slave, for instance, and learned the groundwork of his fables in the poultry-yard and goat-pen of his master's farm. It was bad *ton* in Athens to be harsh to a well-conducted slave. A curled fop like Alcibiades might play silly tricks on the servile race; but the respectable old fogies, the steady, reverend seniors of the state, shook their grey heads at any systematic maltreatment of their live chattels. It was the poor freeman,

the needy member of the *demos*, the potwalloper of Athens, so to speak, who gave hard words and blows to the humble *andrapoda*, and treated them as a "Bowery boy" of our day treats a nigger. The Athenian who had nothing to brag of except his freedom was cruel to slaves, no doubt: and alas! cooks were slaves then. We are so accustomed to associate the idea of slavery with a dark skin and a woolly head, that it is hard to imagine a small white town among gray rocks and hills crowned with olives, the masts of the galleys rising haughtily at the port hard by, the handful of shouting citizens hustling and howling out 'winged words' in the *Agora*, the few rich educated householders keeping aloof with a civil sneer at the vulgar turmoil, the swarming slaves as white as teachable, as learned very often as their masters, lolling on those Olympian sofas of theirs amid works of deathless art. Yes: slaves did most of the work of Greece; they cast the bronze and chiselled the alabaster; they frescoed the walls, they built the temples: theirs was the true credit of the delicate mosaic of those floors glowing with many-coloured marbles; they hewed in the quarry, they painted the canvas, tilled the lands—they spun, they wove, they cooked.

The Cook was a born Cook;—he came from Andros, or Chios, or other of the Isles—he was a Greek, and no barbarian: his mother tongue was the same as his master's almost, only a little softer and more liquid. The Cook was a chattel of price; he was worth as much as a buffoon, and twice as much as a poetaster or a pedagogue. Some of the very best—those whose culinary perceptions were the most exquisite, and who were worth many drachmas in the market—were countrymen of Anacreon. Perhaps the wine inspired them. The vines of the Isles yield sorry stuff now—Ionia can furnish but a very small tap indeed;—but the ruby grape-juice *may* have been better when it warmed the veins of bygone Bacchanals. I believe that Greece was the cradle of Cooks. Nor are Cooks to be sneered at or accounted frivolous, if rightly understood. A good dinner—mind, I am modest, and say a 'good dinner,' not a gluttonous feast—is a mighty civiliser; it brightens the faculties, which brutal excesses stupefy and which want weakens; helps the health, mellows the judgment. Pity the prescription is so costly—needlessly so, as I shall prove anon. Greece kept alive all arts immortal—nursed the studio and the portico and the kitchen—drilled her *hoplites*, manned her triremes, and instructed her Cooks; while Persia wallowed in Oriental pilaffs, and King Artaxerxes had nothing better than kibaubs, and cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and lambs wadded with pistachio nuts, and such like Eastern *pièces de resistance* to furnish forth his royal board. The Orient has always had quite an Israelite taste for greasy cookery, for fleshpots swimming in onions and fat, for dripping and *ghee*. I cannot give the glorious name of Cooks to the compounders of such gruesome medleys, to the presiders over such weird cauldrons as have simmered over Asiatic fires since the dawn of history. Curries have merit, to be sure, but it is a barbaric merit, such as might belong to some wild plaintive cadence droned forth by the reed

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flutes of a savage tribe. But when I speak of Cooks—of those whose art is to make food wholesome, palatable, and nutritious, of those who compete with the physician in cures and surpass him in prevention of disease, of those who soften manners and disarm brutality—I allude to practitioners calmly secure in their science, experts in flavour, men who have all things tasted, all things sipped. No: Asia has no real Cooks. Greece alone could supply them; and before the Persian monarchy fell, the great king of that Persepolitan Versailles of his, had gathered together a profusion of Greeks—sculptors, jewellers, singers, cooks—all the best of venal Hellas. It was all very well for Plato and his white-robed disputants to saunter dreamily round the gardens, talking air-drawn logic on a diet of dates and cold water: but jollier Aristotle must dine—Alcibiades, the D'Orsay, the Wharton, the Mirabeau of his day—loved his three courses and dessert: no doubt Demosthenes, that great parliamentary chieftain, and Admiral Nicias and General Parmenio, could assemble their friends at a pleasant banquet enough, even if, like Æneas, their table was a biscuit, and they finished by eating the mahogany. Sparta alone, cross-grained and ascetic, kept the Cook from her soil. Black broths and hard fare were her selection; and for a while her men fought as no others fought. But if the virtue resided in the diet, it soon evaporated; the hectoring brood were thrashed again and again: they, who lived to fight, and passed their lives “in training,” according to the phrase of the P.R., were worsted by the Thebans and Athenians, who only fought to live, and found time to do a hundred elegant and useful things betweenwhiles. No: Athens, nurse of Cooks, had the best of it. She never bartered away her birthright for a mess of such horrible black potage as Spartan spoons were dipped in; she fought, and colonised, and feasted, and made merry, pretty much as we in England have been doing this many a year. So far had Athens kept the old traditions alive, so sedulously had she kept the charcoal fires alight and the *casseroles* simmering, that when Rome became the bullying, blatant robber of the world and queen of the nations, the Greeks were as much in fashion as ever were Normans in Saxon Westminster or Frenchmen in Stuart London. None but a ‘Græculus’—such was the puny diminutive to which had fallen the name of Homer’s countrymen—could be butler, or comptroller, or cupbearer, or cook. See what Cicero says about the mania for Greek servants; read how he lashes Verres in his grand indictment against the oppressor of Sicily, where the word ‘Græculi’ comes up at intervals like the refrain of a drinking-song. Not that the Greek art remained pure. I fear that the Cooks of Hellas condescended to pamper the gross Roman palates after a fashion that would have revolted the dead and gone dandies of Attica. I am afraid that those banquets of Vitellius, Nero, Commodus—those dreadful messes of nightingales’ tongues, and rhinoceros’ eyes, and Colchester oysters, and livers of Indian peacocks, and things expensive from every nook of earth—were dressed by Grecian hands for the coarse masters of the world. I daresay that the Syrian *chefs* who came with Heliogabalus helped to

vitate the national kitchen, and brought with them hideous Mesopotamian recipes and *menus* of enormous gormandizing banquets held by Alexander and his amiable successors. In those shocking imperial feasts at Rome, the traditions of the past nearly died out. To glean curiosities from every corner of the known globe, and then dress them together in monstrous *macédoines*, to spend thousands and thousands of pounds sterling on a single ostentatious meal, was what a Roman emperor too often loved to do. No wonder they drank Falernian by whole amphoras at a time; no wonder they had feathers in their napkins and drugs in their *flacons*, and cultivated that "second hunger" which Juvenal sings of: least wonder of all that there were quack doctors and patent pills in Rome as well as London, and that a stamped pill-box once replenished with antibilious globules was discovered only the other day among the bones at Uriconium.

A few patricians, here and there, contrived to live well and handsomely, to feed their guests and foster their Cooks, without swallowing at one monstrous meal the plunder of a province. Lucullus and Mæcenas, be sure, were generous, hospitable gentlemen, not wonder-loving gluttons. They had their faults, of course. Lucullus, like an alchemist of after-times, consumed too many precious golden talents in the fumes of his fire; he dined somewhat too pompously when he was the only occupant of his ivory triclinia—Lucullus feasting with Lucullus; but I do not think there were any rhinoceros' eyes and peacocks' livers among the hundred dishes of that bachelor meal. And though Mæcenas loved to play the patron, and to take Jove's part among the wits and bards who fed at his table, it is scarcely probable that the friend of Horace and honeyed Virgil and passionate Naso had nothing better to give them than the fins of rare fish, the tongues of Philomel and her sister warblers, and the ambergris of the Baltic.

The dark, stormy middle ages converted cookery into a chaos: principles were ignored, theory was despised. The rude Vikings, our ancestors, were too hungry to wait until their great masses of beef were roasted to a judicious brownness;—they snatched the ribs and sirloins from the spit; they hacked the meat with daggers, tore it piecemeal, gnawed it savagely, like hounds breaking up a fox, and concluded the festive repast by pelting one another, or some butt or prisoner, with their marrowbones and leavings. Was not an archbishop of Canterbury absolutely *boned* to death in this manner by the pagan Danes who held his grace a captive in his own cathedral? That painstaking historian, Monsieur Rapin, affirms it. There is something inexpressibly shocking in the idea of such an end—to perish by ignoble pelting of broken victuals, to be martyred by marrowbones! Olaus Magnus and others tell us that such ill-bred proceedings were not uncommon at a Norse feast; that our forefathers of Holstein, Denmark, Norway, and so forth, were as boisterous and fond of Norse play as so many great unmannerly schoolboys. Nor did they care how tough and underdone

their joints were—joints won by the strong hand, and devoured by teeth as strong and unscrupulous as the winners. Even the honest Saxons were coarse feeders, and content with fat pork and barley bread, until the daintier Norman brought in a more refined style of living. Yes: the Cooks came in with the Conqueror; and if their names do not figure in the Battle roll, it is because they were modest men, keeping aloof from bloodshed and violence, and content to tickle the palates instead of hammering the helmets of mankind. Through all the following centuries we catch glimpses of the Cook, true to his mission: an improver, trying hard to soften, to reclaim, to mellow and tame the wrathful human nature, often disappointed, but falling to rise again—a Sisyphus of the saucepans. The Cook has always had a perception of great truths, has forestalled the theories of modern physicians, has ever known how much of human health and happiness depends on the digestion. To render food tender, wholesome, easy of digestion, to preserve and develop natural flavours, to add aroma to osmazone, to combine the choicest products of the vegetable and the animal world, are the true offices of the genuine Cook. Cooks have been fearfully maligned and traduced: made the victims of misrepresentation. They are not wholly blameless: there have been, there are, false brothers of their craft—unprincipled empirics who follow where they should lead, and who pamper the appetite to the detriment of the liver.

The Cook of the middle ages had not every day an opportunity of carrying his theories into effect. The lady of the feudal epoch, not being in the least accomplished or lettered, and having her own idea of woman's mission, chose to be her own housekeeper. The *dame chatelaine* had her wooden gallery overlooking the kitchen with its great glowing fire and its wide smoke-emitting chimney, its spits, and iron pots and ladles, and scullions smart with grease and lampblack, and its turnspits, canine or human, toiling under fire. There, in that gallery, she stood and scolded—that gentle dame in miniver and wimple, whose life the novelist would fain have us believe to have been passed between an oratory and a tilt-yard, where kerchiefs waved encouragement to the champions bandying thwacks below. Not very great could have been the skill of the lady and her obedient *marmitons*, for salted eels, ham, salt beef and stockfish made up a great part of a winter's bill of fare. There was no grass for cattle in the dreary winters, no roots, no oilcake, no Thorley's patent condiments to keep the herds alive. Kill and salt down! was the cry every autumn, as surely as the woods turned to russet and red; and in summer, though there was a great plenty of salmon and pullets, of venison and of butcher-meat, of pork and of river fish, there was little art in their preparation. If a pasty had a crust neither tough nor doughy, if a wild boar were smothered in a sauce made of "bullace plums," little recked the hawking, fighting baron for aught else. But the monasteries were the nursery of Cooks; they had real artists within their safe walls: lay brethren often, sometimes shavelings of the genuine order of Dominic, or actual Carthu-

slans, or *bond fide* Benedictines. The refectory was not the least valued institution of monastic communities; even the Reverend Mr. Tuck, who lived alone in his irregular parsonage, had venison and claret in a snug cupboard, and kept his dried peas to rattle in the ears of a censorious public.

We know that so early as the Norman Conquest, Ely, and Glastonbury, and St. Neots, and lordly St. Albans, were renowned for their dinners and their bounty. It is even on record that humbler Croyland out in the fens, like a lonely haunt of herons rather than a priory of monks, had a coquinarius of note. The monasteries were long famed for good feeding and wholesome diet; although perverse John *did* contrive to kill himself at Swaffham with a villanous mixture—worthy such a monster—of unripe peaches and new ale. Men said a monk of Swaffham poisoned him; but all sudden deaths were set down to poison then. At any rate, in the iron ages we often find a tonsured head beneath the professional white cap; we trace the preservation of cooking, as of classics and medicine, to the men of frock and cowl. When a royal banquet, a civic feast, a grand wedding-dinner in the house of Franklin or Knight of the Shire, was in progress, the Chatelaine resigned her ladle of authority, and Brother Timothy, or Brother Tobias, was invited to leave his cell and wave the baton of the culinary orchestra. Great were the triumphs of Timothy and Toby, translated for the day to the hall-kitchen by the leave of the venerable Lord Abbot Rubicundus. Those astonishing feasts we read of were their handiwork. They built up those fortresses of pie-crust, those gigantic pasties that used to contain whole yardsful of slaughtered poultry, whole boars, heaps of brawn, game, doe venison, pyramids of plums, orchards of apples and damsons, gingerbread, jelly, live dwarfs, and four-and-twenty blackbirds, for aught I know, beneath their tremendous covers: a dainty dish, indeed, to set before such kings as our Plantagenets and Tudors, big, burly, fighting, revelling kings as they were. It was Brother Timothy who gilded the legs of the sacred peacock so daintily, and spread out his glorious tail like a tropic sunset, and sent in the dish by the hands of highborn pages in white satin and cloth of gold, to the hall where knights swore to skewer Soldans and scale castles in honour of the peacock and the ladies. It was Brother Tobias who bruised the four fat wethers to provide gravy for such another noble bird, and who sent up to the table of the Duke of Northumberland, for instance, such hecatombs of sheep and cattle, such piles of birds of all sorts, from swans to sparrows, that the very recital would give a vegetarian the nightmare. Afterwards came whitehanded Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote and imprinted the famous *Boke of St. Albans*, the first English cookery-book worthy of the name; though, indeed, it is an encyclopædia after its kind, and treats of falcons and angling, and all the polite knowledge of the day.

In the seventeenth century works were written to teach mankind to cook; the French, taught by the Italians, and aided by their natural

genius, began to systematise and to refine upon the gross rule-of-thumb of the earlier periods. Louis le Grand, the Regent Duke of Orleans, and the sybarite Louis Quinze, were the most consistent patrons of the art of cookery. The Bourbons have always loved their dinner with a fond constancy of affection. And what great men were their cooks! Ude, Carême, Vatel! names at which every scullion in Europe feels a thrill of pride. Where, now-a-days, shall we find a cook capable of falling on his own sword rather than face the disgrace of a fishless royal dinner, when the courier is late and the dressing-bell has rung, and nothing but death can rescue the artist from shame! What a colossal nature—what a Cato in *bonnet de coton*! England long refused to learn from France. The wooden shoe that Lord Macaulay talks of was eyed askance in the kitchen as well as in the Parliament. We had our own insular ways, our own authorities. We had Hutton, we had Dr. Kitchener, we had honest Mrs. Glasse, who, when she penned that sublime *naïveté* of hers, “first catch your hare,” little dreamed of the immortality secured to her by those four monosyllables—little recked of the morals she was to point, the tales she was to adorn, and the Attic salt she was to furnish to wittiest leading articles of journals yet unborn. Through all the long wars that sealed the Continent, our British kitchens defied reform almost as steadily as our House of Commons. Then came the Peace, and the rush to Paris, and the swarming of our countryfolk over the whole of Europe, like bees that had lost their queen. From that time innovations crept in. People could not understand why the Channel should make such a difference at dinner-time. They asked why cooking should be viewed as an art so easy, or so indifferent, as to be left to the most ignorant and obtuse females that twelve pounds a year could tempt. They asked why it was that the French, with stringy meat and bad supplies of fish, could dine so well and wholesomely, while we could only spoil the finest viands of earth and sea. They quoted the old proverb, which avows the infernal origin of Cooks, and declaimed indignantly—in vain! All this clamour did not reach the British cookmaid; or, if it did, that noble female put it by with contempt, and went on boiling meat at “a gallop,” half roasting joints, burning greasy chops, and making dumplings of awful tenacity. Then came Soyer, with his lectures and pamphlets, teaching how few were the sauces, how simple the principles of true art; winning woman-kind to stew rather than boil, and getting up classes for the instruction of girls and matrons in the useful science. Much good has been done; but much remains to do. It is no light matter that our artisans, our workpeople, and the bulk of our lower middle classes dine so ill and wastefully. They might dine well—well and frugally. The things are compatible in France; why not in England? But to lead the van of improvement we require a new, an educated dynasty of Cooks.

Paper.

"THE best price given for old rags—inquire at the sign of 'The Black Doll.'" The "Black Dolls," which used to be associated in the minds of fifty-years-old boys with the pirates hanging in chains at Blackwall, and with bogeyism in general:—what has become of those forlorn mothers of Uncle Toms? Have they been taken down and sold to the unlettered portions of our aristocracy for Aunt Sallies; or have the white frocks, in which they were always dressed, become so precious in the rag market that they have been sold off their backs, leaving them in these days of protest against studies from the nude quite unpresentable. They may be of the same complexion as Othello, but, unlike him, their occupation is by no means gone. On the contrary, in the present state of manufacturing knowledge, the best papers can be made most cheaply and readily from linen or cotton rags, or from "waste;" and by the diminution of the waste which occurs in the manufacture of cotton and linen goods the resources of the paper-maker are being curtailed. As machinery is improved the waste becomes smaller, and whilst the consumption of raw cotton is larger than formerly in this country, the waste in working, available for paper, is not only comparatively, but actually less. Again, of that class of rags which are rags from the first—the cuttings and snippings from cloth for new garments—there is a diminished quantity, long-cloths and shirtings being made of varying widths to suit the sizes wanted; so that we no longer have to cut our coat according to our cloth, but the cloth is made to suit the cut of the coat, with as little to spare as possible.

Nor is the advice of the French princess, that if you can't get bread, you should eat buns, available. "Most fibrous substances," it has been justly said, "are capable of being reduced to pulp, and made into paper; but a peculiar and important advantage attending the employment of rags consists in the circumstance that in their conversion from raw vegetable fibre into woven fabrics they have undergone a thorough cleansing and separation from refuse—a result which would otherwise have to be attained at the paper-mill; and the cost of such operation is included in the price paid for the manufactured goods when purchased as articles for dress or other purposes, and no part of the expense attending the process is borne by the paper. Should the paper-maker, however, resort direct to the vegetable substances in their natural state of growth, the whole cost of the conversion of the raw fibre into paper would have to be defrayed by the paper produced."

Considering these things, it seems hard upon the English paper-maker that he should have had to start in his race of open competition with a restriction on him; but such is the case. On the 1st October, 1861,

the customs duty on foreign paper, and the excise duty on that manufactured in England, were alike extinguished, and the consumer has now no hindrance to the purchase of paper from any one who will bring it to him at the lowest price. The principle is the same as that which guided statesmen to the repeal of the corn-laws, viz. that the largest interest—that of the consumer—should be considered first; but the position of the English manufacturer has become peculiar. He has the same natural protection that exists for the English farmer,—he is nearer to his market than the foreigner; but free trade in paper is not to be accompanied by free trade in rags: from some countries these are only to be obtained on payment of a heavy export duty, and from others not at all. How far it would have been possible to have used the one condition as a lever for obtaining the other (from France at all events), Mr. Cobden only knows. Canning once sent a rhyming despatch to our ambassador at the Hague, the pith of which was, that the Dutch had a habit of giving too little and taking too much, upon which the English cabinet determined to hamper the Dutchmen with 20 per cent. But this is precisely what we have *not* done in the recent treaty.

Taking this nation as an entity, and looking at the treaty as a whole, there is probably quite enough in it to afford matter for general congratulation; and when it is considered how important it is to our own commercial success that neighbouring nations should conduct their mercantile operations upon natural and rational principles, the treaty, as an inducement to bring about this result, is worthy of all praise; but from the paper-maker's point of view it must be confessed it has its ragged edges.

The manufacturer is certainly well rid of the incubus of the excise. It is the curse of all that class of taxation that the payer pays more than the receiver gets: that it is a machinery productive of absolute waste. It was one of the glories of Sir Robert Peel that he stopped it upon glass, and on soap a similar relief soon followed. We happen to know that the collection of the duty on glass was attended with such loss and vexation to the manufacturer, that one of the senior officials in the excise itself went into scientific investigations to see whether it was not possible for him to get the tax he wanted without the producer paying it twice over, once in money and once in inconvenience, delay, and waste. We cannot satisfy ourselves that the excise on paper had this feature to any marked degree, although it has been stated in evidence before a committee of the House that the pressure of the excise raised the price of paper one penny a pound over and above the excise duty itself: but doubtless many thousands of tons of paper, such as envelope and stationers' cuttings and bookbinders' parings, have paid duty over and over again, and all for the privilege of going into the dust-heap; and when every room had to be numbered and the processes gone through in it confined to the declaration made about it, there was abundant opportunity for suspicion on one side, and on the other, for vexation, limitation, and loss. But these

speculations are now superfluous; the excise and the customs duty are alike gone for ever, and, leaving the manufacturer to profit by the loss of the one, let us see how he can best dispense with the protection of the other.

We will suppose that the black dolls, not only of Whitechapel and St. Giles, but of Hamburg and Trieste, of Genoa and Leghorn, of Palermo, Syracuse, and Barcelona, of jaunty Galway and meek Calcutta, have worked hard for him, have danced in the air and flapped their petticoats to some purpose, and that his rag warehouse is full. It has become a very savoury place. The author of *Eothen* has a wonderful description of the variety of fleas that beset him when he went to church in Jerusalem. The men they usually fed on had come from all parts of the world, to lay their bones in Jewry; and he beguiled a dull 'eleventhly' in the sermon by guessing at the nationality of the bite; but in the modern rag warehouse there is no prevailing tint of Hebraism to harmonize the torture, and all that can be said about it is, that the nearer you stand to the door the better it will be for you. Still we must have a bundle or two undone. It appears that there are nearly fifty classes of rags, all available for some purposes, and that some of the best are required to be in combination to make the highest class of papers. One thing is very curious—an experienced manufacturer can tell pretty accurately, before a bundle is opened, the sort of rag which will be found there, according to the town from which it comes. In other words, rags are good social barometers. From London and the great cities, or from the pleasure towns, such as Bath and Leamington, a great deal is of the best quality and unpatched. From the agricultural districts the rags are clean but very much darned; from the manufacturing localities they are both dirty and patchy, whilst it is still some parts of Ireland that supply the filthiest rags of all. Some such thought as this must have been in the mind of Fuller in 1662, but he applied it to the paper itself, which he said partook of the character of the countrymen by whom it was made. "The Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French, light, slight, and slender; the Dutch, thick, corpulent, and gross, not to say sometimes also bibulous, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof." Mynheer Van Dunck was evidently made of blotting-paper.

But the foreman has spread out four or five little heaps upon the floor. Those white cuttings from the shirtmakers' will be wanted for bank-notes. Those new cotton ends from the bleaching works in Lancashire, called tabs, are valuable for the best writing papers. Here are some of the highest foreign marks: "S. P. F. F. F.;" "Bremena;" "English fines;" "seconds" and "thirds," and "coloured goods." In these last there is a great deal of waste: the "warranted fast" colours which are so desirable to the wearers of magenta or of mauve, are simply objections to the paper-maker, implying, first, a probable deterioration of fibre from the dye which has been fixed upon it, and involving a still further injury by the chloride of lime that is to discharge the colour out.

Amongst the foreign rags those from Germany hold a high place. The exportation from Hamburg is unrestricted, and Mecklenburg supplies some of first-rate quality. Much of the German underclothing is coarse, but it is stout, of good fibre, and it is linen: "all meat," as the makers say, complacently. From a neighbouring country the exportation is prohibited, but rags have been known to cross the frontier (in obedience to that beautiful law under which an arbitrary restriction creates a smuggler), and even a coffin, screwed down and inscribed with the name of some imaginary dear departed, whose relations desired her to be buried in the neighbouring free State, has been found to contain, not *her*, but only her worn-out petticoats and pocket-handkerchiefs. Whether the rag interest itself, as against that of the paper-makers, in the countries where there are restrictions against exportation, will ever be strong enough to demand a freedom of sale for its article, remains to be seen; at present a certain amount of French and Belgian commercial energy has to go into directions that are contraband. The Italian rags from Genoa, Ancona, and Leghorn, are good; so are those from Hungary, which reach us by way of Trieste. The Spanish and Sicilian are rags on rags; those from India are thin and sere, as macerated autumn leaves; whilst some much nearer home are occasionally so dirty that they don't get to the machinery at all, but are tossed into the furnace to be burnt, and are written down a loss.

"The battle of competition has to be fought mainly in the rag-house," we are informed; that is to say, upon the quality of fibre and the judicious selection of the various sorts for special objects, the real goodness of the paper especially depends. Let us follow a bundle of the best to the floor above.

It is a strange thing this valuable capacity of rubbish, and it has been the theme of moralists since paper was first made from it. It is not only the old Shakspearian speculation—

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

but it is clay turned back again into imperial Cæsar. The rags an heiress shrinks from as she sweeps them with her crinoline, come back (hot pressed and woven-cream, of course) to show her the story of Dives and Lazarus upon them; the garment only half worn out that went to the Crimean hospitals to bind up wounds, can be made, by the enchanter's magic that we are about to witness, to carry the history of the good Samaritan into homes where the inmates have been living it all their lives; or, as Addison puts it, "A beau may by this means peruse his cravat, after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass; and a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel, may become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet."

And this is how they do it. In the long room above the rag-store the cutters and sorters, about 120 of them, are at work. They are all women. Men disdain this sort of thing; it appears to be somehow associated in the minds of labouring men with needlework. Each woman or

girl sits or stands before a rough table, the top of which is made of coarse wire netting, so that some of the heavier dirt may drop through. On this table is fixed, standing up with its back towards her, a knife, which looks like a piece of a scythe. She cuts the rags by holding them in both hands, and drawing them towards her across the edge of this knife; and when it gets blunt, to see an old lady take up two pieces of whetstone and dash away at this knife, without cutting her fingers off, is something edifying. By the side of the table is a box, divided into compartments, into which the rags, when shredded into pieces (roughly, about four inches square), are thrown, being partly sorted by the cutter as she works. To these boxes come overlookers, by whom the work is supervised and the sorting finished. The rags are weighed out to the cutters, and the weight of cut rag credited to them. Beginners may perhaps make 5s. a week; but in a large wages'-book which we have seen, the better workers stand at 12s. or 13s. each.

The cutting and sorting for the superior papers has to be put into vigilant hands. For example, dirt in any shape is a great enemy, and rags, of course, are full of it: every seam is a harbour for dirt, and in outer garments, such as old corduroy trousers, the seams about the feet are choked with actual grit; nor are the worn-out sails of coal-ships over cleanly. But the great anxiety of the sorting-house, the ghost that haunts the sorters night and day, is india-rubber. This is now used in such a variety of ways, is so insidiously mackintoshed into cotton or linen fibre, or so ingeniously covered with it, that the young hands don't always know it when they see it; but if ever so little of it should pass through the pulp mills, and travel along the machinery as far as the hot cylinders, it is sure to declare its nature there: it spreads under the action of the heat like a fine film, and does a sad amount of damage. The workpeople are allowed 6d. per pound for all they can find; and in the great works where we have been learning our lesson, the average is more than 30lb. per week. All metallic substances, too, that cling about old garments, pins, needles, hooks and eyes, gold and silver thread, &c., have to be watched for and rejected; and all silk and woollen, too: though the caustic ley in which the rags are subsequently boiled will take a tolerable account of those.

From the cutting and sorting house the rags go to the dusters. The dusting mills are wire cylinders, within which long spiky arms are constantly revolving, and the whole apparatus is placed at an inclination which allows the heavier dust to escape at the bottom, the lighter coming through the network of the wire.

From the dusting-house they go to be boiled. They are put into long elliptical boilers, with a strong ley, and the whole machine revolves slowly on an axis, so that all the rags get turned well over, and subjected to the chemical action in due course. Some of these revolving boilers hold a ton of rags. This process well done, all particles of silk and wool, and all grease, are supposed to be destroyed. It is an operation involving a great deal of waste; as much as 50 per cent., it is computed, in working a low-class rag.

The rags being cooled by the introduction of spring-water, are now ready for the washing-engine; and as the machine for this purpose is an important one, and with some modification is used for beating and pulping also, rough sketches of it are subjoined. The thing to be done is to get the rags between the two sets of teeth shown in fig. 1.

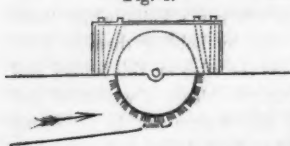


Fig. 1.

In fig. 2 the lower set does not appear, being hidden by the end of its frame at C; and fig. 3 gives a bird's-eye view of the same apparatus,

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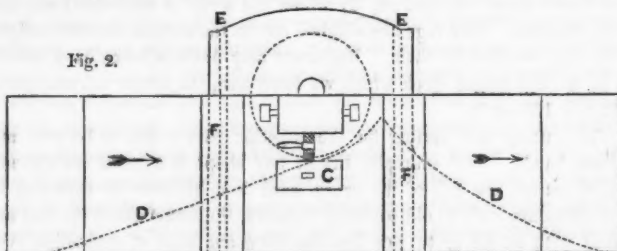


Fig. 2.

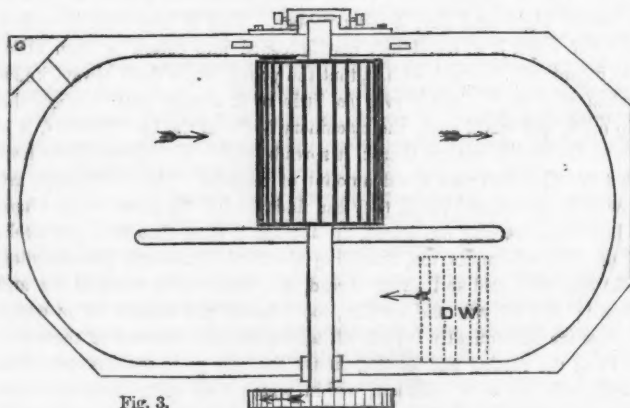
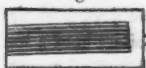


Fig. 3.

the direction in which the rags go round and round being indicated by the arrows. The cylinder can be pressed down upon the bottom plate, to increase the bruising power, and a sketch of this lower plate is given (fig. 4), in order that it may be seen how the ridges do not run quite parallel to the teeth in the cylinder, but diverge about five degrees, to allow of the necessary play and escape. It will be seen by the dotted line D D in fig. 2

Fig. 4.



that when the rags are approaching the cylinder, they rise up an inclined plane, and after their bruising they go yet a little higher, and are then

precipitated down "the backfall." At first, as the rags get torn, and the dirt is stirred up out of them, the dirty water can be allowed to escape by a false bottom, pierced with fine holes; but as the stuff gets broken in, as it is termed, and the regular flow of water in and out is established, it is necessary to provide careful filtration to prevent the waste of valuable stuff. This used to be done by letting the stuff be driven against the wire cloth divisions E E in fig. 2, the water running off by the pipes FF; but this was found to be inefficient, and now, when it is wanted to get rid of the waste water, it passes through the periphery of hollow cylinders, covered with fine wire cloth, which revolve slowly in the pulp, the water being raised by revolving buckets inside the cylinder, and conveyed away by a tube in the centre of the axis. These cylinders are called drum-washers, and are generally placed in that part of the engine which we have indicated by dotted lines in fig. 3 at D W.

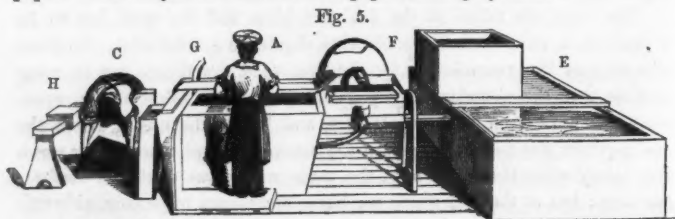
The rags, then, having been "broken in," and become "half stuff," go to bleach. In some cases chlorine gas is used, but for high-class papers dilute chloride of lime is preferred; and as material which is subjected to the action of strong bleaching fluid is apt to return, after exposure to the air, to a dingy colour, the art is to wash well and repeat weak doses of bleaching liquor upon materials originally of good colour. The rags are first put into a large vat called the poaching engine, and are thoroughly stirred and incorporated with the hot fluid; they are then removed into stone tanks with perforated false bottoms, and the bleaching liquor filters slowly through the mass; the dose can be renewed again and again, and when the stuff is sufficiently saturated, it is subjected to pressure, and is ready for another washing. In this department the material stands about a good deal in long, classical-looking, double-handled tubs, something the shape of the oil jars that held the "Forty thieves;" and it requires an eye trained in the various gradations of white and yellow to say which should ultimately be made into "blue wove post," and which into "satin-faced cream-laid." Dabs of wet blue paper shreds on the top of some of them (the workmen's private marks) help the eye amazingly, and on one snowy heap we once detected a bright crimson thread, evidently from the top of a stocking, which had somehow managed to escape the action of the poaching engine and hold its own against the chlorine fluid.

The tubs are taken to the draining bins, and the stuff has to be re-washed, in order that all the chlorine should be got out of it. To those who witness the manufacture for the first time, few things can be more notable than the abundant supply and use of water. Most of the paper-mills are situated on running streams, and before the use of steam the water-power was necessary to turn the machinery, and when paper was a less dainty affair than it is now, the same water was doubtless used for washing; but at the mill which we have lately been inspecting, although it is situated on one of the purest chalk streams in Kent, the river water is not good enough, and four artesian wells are worked, 600 gallons of washing water being demanded of them per minute.

The washing process, to get rid of all trace of the chlorine, is performed in what is called the intermediate engine, with blunt tackle; and the stuff is then finally delivered to the mercies of the pulping engine, where the cylinder and its underlying plate, both with sharper cutters, are fitted more closely to each other; but even here the art is to establish an action which will rather tear the stuff than cut it, because it is not a mince of rags that is wanted, but a fibre. In this engine the mouth of the pipe which supplies the water is carefully wrapped in a fine muslin bag, and the drum washer as carefully guards the exit of the water, so that nothing but water can either come or go. If the paper is intended to be blue, it is at this stage of the process the colouring matter is introduced. The artificial ultramarine is largely used, and acts as a stain; but smalt, which is an impalpable, insoluble powder, can be thoroughly worked into the pulp, and is by many preferred. It is easy to detect which has been used, by the look of the paper: if the colour is uniform on both sides, it has been ultramarine; but smalt settles through the paper as it lies on the mould and on the couching felt, and one side of the paper (the upper side) is lighter than the other.

To these processes we may add one more, that of straining the completed pulp through a metal sieve, called a knotter—an implement which prevents all knots from going through; and then, up to this point, we may say the treatment for all good sorts of paper is generically the same. The rags have to be cut and sorted, boiled and washed, bleached and re-washed, beaten into pulp and strained through a knotter. Man is especially a machine-making animal, and, considering the engines we have been describing, there is a sense in which all paper may be said to be machine-made; but what is called hand-made, as distinguished from that made by machine, divides off at the point now reached.

The hand-made papers were the earliest, and they are still the best. The problem is, having got the rags to the condition of fibrous pulp, to collect them again into smooth, flexible, tough paper. Machinery can do almost anything but think, but it cannot imitate sufficiently the indescribable knack with which a skilled workman shakes about a wire tray of dripping pulp, and hands it to his associate to lay out as a sheet of paper. The subjoined is a sketch of paper-making by hand.



Paper-making by Hand

A is the vatman; but before we attend to him, let us see the implements he has to use. B (fig. 7) is a tray or mould of woven wire, on which

the pulp is to settle, and through which the water is to escape. D (fig. 6) is the deckle to frame the pulp as it were, and give the paper an edge. The mode in which the wire tray is made determines the character of the paper. "Cream-laid" or "blue-wove" paper does not mean that the paper itself is either laid or woven, but that the wires are disposed in a

Fig. 6.

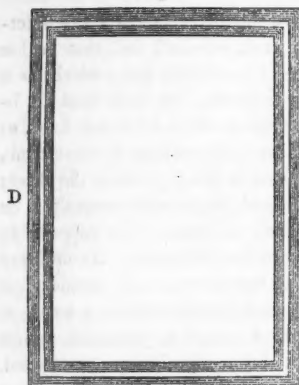
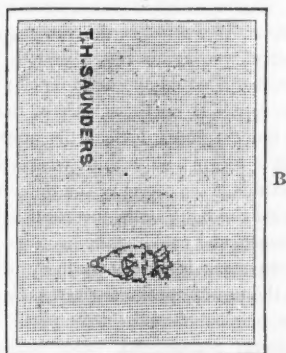
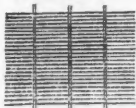


Fig. 7.



way to present a uniform surface to the paper, as at B (woven), or showing horizontal bars of wire strengthened at intervals by vertical ones, thus (fig. 8):—which is laid. The pulp then, having been sufficiently made and strained, flows into the chest E, and is lifted by the Persian wheel F into the vat, before which the man stands. Inside the vat, at the bottom of it, a twelve-inch wheel, called a hog, is going constantly round and round the whole length of it, to keep the stuff constantly stirred, and prevent the fibrous parts from sinking. The vatman, having framed the mould by placing the deckle upon it, dips it into the pulp, lifts it out, allows the water to run freely through the laid or woven wire, and whilst this is doing gives it that mysterious shake which, as it were, locks all the edges of the ragged particles of pulp into one another, and makes in fact a *sheet of paper*. When he has settled the pulp to his satisfaction (and he does his work so systematically that the same man will make ream after ream of paper of precisely the same weight, and another man will make a ream which shall vary from the first, and always vary, a few ounces), he hands the frame without the deckle, to his coadjutor, the coucher C, who rests it up for a moment against the knob G (called the donkey) to strain a little more of the water off, whilst he takes a fine silky-looking felt off the heap at H, and, placing it on a flat board before him, reverses the mould, and lays the sheet on the felt. He then slides the mould back along the edge of the vat, ready for the hand of the vatman, who has been meanwhile preparing

Fig. 8.



a second sheet by means of a second mould ; and so the game continues—to the sound of dripping water and the clatter of the empty mould, with a rhythmical punctuality that is very fascinating—until the pile of sheets, the post, is high enough for pressing ; it is then hooked away, to be run under an hydraulic press, which squeezes more of the superfluous moisture out, and, the paper being taken out of the felts and made into a pack, the felts are returned for use to the coucher.

Before we leave this department, notice should be taken of the water-mark. If we watch the vatman at his work, we shall find that he has before him on his tray a smooth surface of hardening pulp, which, as it lies there, would appear to be of uniform thickness, but such need not be the case. If, on the surface of the wire netting, other wires are fixed, so as to form raised devices, the pulp must lie thick enough to cover them, but it will not be so thick where they are as in other parts of the sheet ; and this is the secret of the water-mark, which ought more properly to be called the light mark, the effect being merely the result of the paper being thinner, and enabling the light to come more freely through. An ordinary water-mark is simply made by wire being fastened on to the mould ; but as the use of special devices, difficult of exact imitation without access to the original mould, is found to be a most valuable protection against forgery, complicated water-marks have been ingeniously constructed, all of them based upon the principle of gradation in thickness of paper and consequent transparency : the moulds used for some bank-notes are works of art as well as of commerce, and are sometimes treated like the seals of corporate bodies, kept under lock and key, and only given out when paper is wanted. We have also seen some moulds to produce in paper a similar effect to that of the German biscuit-ware when hung up in the window, or before a strong light. Below we have facsimiles of some of the earliest known water-marks.

Figs. 9, 10, and 11, were used by Caxton and the early printers, the papers being principally Italian and German.

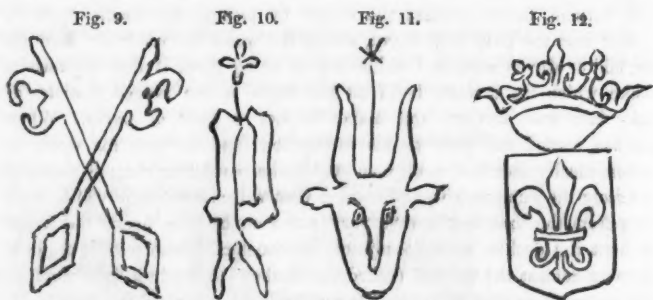


Fig. 12, with the fleur-de-lys, shows traces of French origin, and is the progenitor of "imperial" and other marks.

Fig. 13, the open hand, surmounted by a star, must have originally furnished the names "small-hand," "lumber-hand," "royal-hand."

Fig. 14 is a cardinal's hat, traced from a sheet of paper made in 1649, there being at that time a paper called "cardinal."

Fig. 15 was the mark of John Tate, the earliest paper-maker in England.

Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

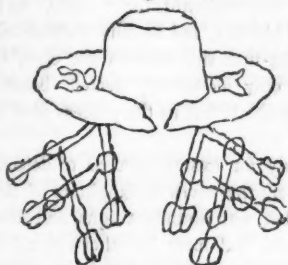


Fig. 15.



Fig. 16 is the post-horn almost unaltered.

Fig. 17 is pott, although the flagon has been changed into the royal arms; and

Fig. 18 is undoubtedly an early maker's notion of foolscap.

Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



The best hand-made paper is made from warm pulp, that for bank-notes being nearly scalding hot.

We left it just delivered from the felts, in the stage called "water-leaf," as porous as blotting-paper; it is, in fact, a sort of blotting-paper, and has next to undergo the operation of sizing, to fill up all the interstices, and prevent the ink from being absorbed or from running. An endless felt revolves slowly through a trough of size, carrying sheets of paper with it. They are placed on at one end by a boy, and received out at the other by a woman; they are again pressed to get out the superfluous size, re-made into a fresh pack to prevent adhesion, and then taken to the drying house. The drying of paper which has been sized is a delicate operation. If the air were admitted freely at first, the size would not sink through to the heart of the paper, but be partly lost in evaporation; and as damp sized paper is very apt to soil or take impressions, it is necessary that the sheets

should be hung on ropes of considerable thickness, made in a special manner, and from cowhair, across which it is found they neither adhere nor lie too close. The drying-man is furnished with an instrument of wood in the shape of the letter T, and with his pack on the left hand he always—though working often in a darkened room—manages to take up the same number of sheets, three or four, called a spur, and hoists them with his T across the rope. The rope-full, the “treble,” as it is called, is raised above his head, out of his way, and he fills another, and so on till the drying-room is full. At first the shutters are close shut, and the warm-air tubes below are only moderately heated, because, above all things, the drying must be gradual; but as the process goes on the air is admitted more freely.

The sheets are now ready for examination as to defects, and this is done by women, many of them the wives or daughters of the vatmen and couchers; and at clean tables, with abundant light, and furnished with a little knife, they stand or sit, and must be otherwise all eyes. If any serious blemishes are found, the paper is rejected for remaking; and if the defects are of a lighter character, it goes into a lower class and fetches a cheaper price. Hairs or trifling knots are removed by the knife. Each overlooker has a number, and the work given to her is numbered in the same way, so that, if any complaints from the consumer ultimately reach the maker, number so and so gets fined or dismissed, as the case may be.

This ordeal over, the sheets are subjected to fresh pressure to get a surface on them. This “jacketing,” as it is called, is done by putting each sheet between two plates of either zinc or copper, and passing them between rollers, or they are pressed naked between brightly polished steel rollers, or they are hot-pressed between smooth surfaces of heated mill-board. There remains but to fold into sheets, and make up into quires and reams, ready for use.

These, then, are the processes by which the best papers, the hand-made papers, are produced. The size of this sort of paper is limited by the power of the vatman to wield his mould; but many years ago the desirability of having paper larger than any man could handle was so great that attempts were made to produce it. For example, paper for rooms was originally hand-made “elephant,” 28 inches by 23, and sixteen or eighteen sheets had to be pasted together to make a piece; now it is furnished in twelve-foot lengths, and might be made twelve yards, or even twelve miles long, if necessary. But whilst machinery has solved the problem of greater width and practically indefinite length, it has not yet rivalled that mysterious knack of the vatman’s shake, under which the pulp from the highest class of rags becomes paper of the toughest and finest sort; nor can it give that strong edge, equivalent to the selvage edge in cloth, which is such a protection against tearing in bank-notes; but it can make a sheet of *The Times*, and we must recur to the pulping engine to see how it is done.

As a rule, what is done by hand on flat surfaces is done by machinery on curved ones. From the vat the pulp flows through a straining vessel (the knotter), and is delivered on to an endless wire cloth of the desired width. This represents the "mould" of the hand-maker, and it is furnished with side straps, which supply the place of the deckle. A lateral motion is given to the wire just after the pulp falls on it, it moves slowly forward, the water flows through (into a saveall below, for the sake of any pulp it may bring with it), and as the cloth passes over two oblong boxes from which the air has been partially exhausted, the drying process gets sufficiently forwarded to enable the pulp to receive pressure. Just before it reaches the second air-box the water-mark is made. This is not done, as in hand-made papers, by raising the device on the surface of the mould, because, if devices were fixed on these wire cloths, each fresh mark of paper would require a fresh cloth; but a small roll, called "a dandy roll," having the name or device in relief upon its circumference, revolves with gentle pressure on the pulp, generally near its edge, and makes the necessary difference in thickness. When the pulp is fixed enough to leave the wire cloth, it is delivered on to and between the couching felts: these, in the machinery, are stretched on wheels of large diameter, and pass the paper forward for pressure, first, for getting rid of the remaining moisture, and then for the purpose of giving a facing and good surface. From these rolls it is ready to be wound off upon the reel; but before this is done it is drawn over a metal comb, to relieve it from the very considerable amount of electricity which it has accumulated during its growth.

For some papers a resinous sizing is sufficient, and in such cases, the size is mixed with the pulp before it appears on the wire cloth; and then when the paper has got to the winding reel, it is all ready for cutting, inspecting, folding, and use; but where a gelatinous size is required this cannot be done, and the paper has to be taken from the reel to the sizing tank, and after passing through it, and over a series of skeleton drums in a carefully and gradually warmed chamber, or over wire drums with fans in them, it comes down to the cutting instrument.

This cutting machine is a very beautiful and delicate affair. It receives the paper, holds it strained and taut, cuts off its edges, divides it in the middle at the same time, and then, by a peculiar little convulsion at regular intervals, clasps these lengths between a sort of scissor-knife, and the lengths are divided into sheets of the proper size.

We had the pleasure recently of witnessing the manufacture of some of the paper for *The Times*. It awakens a strange feeling, the look of a printless *Times*. On that vast blank sheet a page of the future history of the world would certainly be impressed, and in its obituary might possibly be found our own. Higher up the same valley in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery in England, we visited another machine-mill belonging to the same proprietor. The still head of water above was full of deep reflections; a single swan (of paper whiteness) brooded on it,

"slept double,—swan and shadow;" from below came the clatter of the wheel and the babble of running water, and inside—was the material for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

This, then, is English paper. But what is to become of the English paper-makers under the pressure of competition with other countries where labour is cheaper, and of the restriction that they are not allowed to bid in an open market for the raw material? When one goes over a large mill, a place employing perhaps 500 hands, organized under the assured methods of captains of labour, and finds the long results of ingenuity and capital all concentrated together; 140 tons of coal consumed per week, thirteen steam-engines at work, six or seven millwrights, and two superintending engineers, it is a grave question, and it is due to such good men and true in the community that it should be gravely considered. The select committee appointed to inquire into it have recently reported "that at the present time the British paper manufacturer is paying a price for rags and other paper-making materials enhanced by means of foreign export duties, while he is called upon at the same time to compete with paper manufactured in countries that prohibit or tax the export of rags." They, therefore, recommend that "the British Government should continue strenuous exertions to effect the removal of all restrictions abroad upon the export of all paper-making materials." Elsewhere they say that "they have directed their especial attention to inquiring as to the possibility of applying any new fibre as a substitute for the refuse material now in use for paper-making purposes, and find that great efforts have been made to discover some material of this nature, but as yet with little success; and although they see no reason to doubt that straw, and other fibrous substances, may form a supplementary part of the material for paper-making, the great comparative expense of chemically reducing these raw fibres presents difficulties to their becoming a substitute for the refuse material now used."

One enthusiast of the future suggests "thistles!" but the paper-maker who should prefer thistles to rags can only go into the same harness with that celebrated donkey who preferred thistles to corn—because he was an ass. One can only approach the question of thistles, or nettles, or anything else, with this sort of questioning:—"The price or value of the article in its native place; its abundance or scarcity; the cost of carriage; the percentage of loss sustained in being converted into pulp; the expense of chemicals and machinery necessary to effect this object; and—the quality of the paper produced therefrom."

We shall not get much assistance if we go into the question historically, into those times when paper had become a necessity, although there were either no rags, or it was not known that they were available. The learned have disputed learnedly as to how the paper made from papyrus was treated, and several reams must have been consumed in settling the meaning of a passage in Pliny; but it would seem that the ancient papers in classical lands were not made of pulp, but of fibrous materials macerated and beaten together, and then filled up with flour and size. The Chinese seem to

have been in possession of the method by pulping, as they were of other secrets, at times when in this country neither rags nor paper were much wanted; and it is quite possible their mode of producing fine paper from the bamboo, the mulberry, the elm, and the cotton-tree will ultimately give us the clue to a profitable manufacture from many substances which at present do not remunerate us for the cost. Indeed, it is thought by some that our knowledge of the conversion of rags into paper is owing to the Chinese; that it was introduced by pilgrims from the far East; that silk was used by the Chinese, and the art brought to Persia in 652, and to Mecca in 706; that the Arabs substituted cotton for silk; that the cotton paper manufacture travelled with them into Africa and Spain; and that linen rags were first used in the latter country, the most ancient papers of this kind being from Valencia and Catalonia. From Spain it is said to have passed to France about 1260, and was made in Germany in 1312. The first paper-mill in England was at Hertford, or at all events the earliest mention of the manufacture occurs in a book printed by Caxton about 1470, the paper of which was made by John Tate, of Seel Mill, Hertford, whose works were considered sufficiently curious to receive a visit from Henry VII.; but a large mill opened at Dartford, in 1588, by John Spielman, a German, jeweller to Queen Elizabeth, and knighted by her, is often called the first.

The trace of many nations is curiously shown in the professional terms in use in the trade. In the valley of the Dart the vatman is often called "the fateman," which is merely a German way of dealing with the *v*, and of drawing a long *a*; sometimes it is "the fassman," in downright Dutch. The coucher, the man who lays the sheets on their felt couches, is evidently from the French *coucher*, and the room where some of the finishing operations are performed is still the "salle."

It would seem, therefore, that the present condition of the art of paper-making is the result of a consensus of the gained knowledge of the whole world. How far the English manufacturer will maintain his present supremacy in the home market remains to be proved; but when we consider that science and enterprise have already enabled him to convert a few floating particles of watery film into paper fit for printing on, in the course of the two minutes during which they traverse the machinery of a single room, we need hardly fear for his future; let us rather go back to the fifth or sixth century, when the duty on the importation into Rome, being excessive, was abolished by Theodoric, the Gothic king of Italy, and join Cassiodorus in congratulating the whole world on the cessation of the imposts on a merchandise "which was (and is) so essentially necessary to mankind."

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MONK'S STRUGGLE.

THE golden sunshine of the spring morning was deadened to a sombre tone in the shadowy courts of the Capuchin convent. The reddish brown of the walls was flecked with gold and orange spots of lichen ; and here and there, in crevices, tufts of grass, or even a little bunch of gold-blooming flowers, looked hardily forth into the shadowy air. A covered walk, with stone arches, inclosed a square filled with dusky shrubbery. There were tall funereal cypresses, whose immense height and scraggy profusion of decaying branches showed their extreme old age. There were gaunt, gnarled olives, with trunks twisted in immense serpent folds, and boughs wreathed and knotted into wild, unnatural contractions, as if their growth had been a series of spasmodic convulsions, instead of a calm and gentle development of Nature. There were overgrown clumps of aloes, with the bare skeletons of former flower-stalks standing erect among their dusky horns or lying rotting on the ground beside them. The place had evidently been intended for the culture of shrubbery and flowers, but the growth of the trees had long since so intercepted the sunlight and fresh air that not even grass could find root beneath their branches. The ground was covered with a damp green mould, strewn here and there with dead boughs, or patched with tufts of fern and lycopodium, throwing out their green hairy roots into the moist soil. A few half-dead roses and jasmines, remnants of former days of flowers, still maintained a struggling existence, but looked wan and discouraged in the effort, and seemed to stretch and pine vaguely for a freer air. In fact, the whole garden might be looked upon as a sort of symbol of the life by which it was surrounded,—a life stagnant, unnatural, and unhealthy, cut off from all those thousand stimulants to wholesome development which are afforded by the open plain of human existence, where strong natures grow distorted in unnatural efforts, though weaker ones find in its lowly shadows a congenial refuge.

We have given the brighter side of conventual life in the days we are describing : we have shown it as often a needed shelter of woman's helplessness during ages of political uncertainty and revolution ; we have shown it as the congenial retreat where the artist, the poet, the student, and the man devoted to ideas found leisure undisturbed to develope themselves under the consecrating protection of religion. The picture would be unjust to truth, did we not recognize, what, from our knowledge of human nature, we must expect—a conventual life of far less elevated and refined order. We should expect that institutions which guaranteed to each individual a livelihood, without the necessity of physical labour or

the responsibility of supporting a family, might in time come to be incumbered with many votaries in whom indolence and improvidence were the only impelling motives. In all ages of the world unspiritual are the majority, the spiritual the exceptions. It was to the *multitude* that Jesus said, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat and were filled:" and the multitude has been much of the same mind from that day to this.

The convent of which we speak had been for some years under the lenient rule of the jolly brother Girolamo; it was an easy, wide-spread, loosely organized body, whose views of the purpose of human existence were decidedly Anacreontic. Fasts he abominated, night-prayers he found unfavourable to his constitution; but he was a judge of olives and good wine, and often in his pastoral visits threw out valuable hints on the cooking of macaroni, for which he had himself elaborated a savory recipe: indeed the cellar and larder of the convent, during his pastorate, presented so many urgent solicitations to conventual repose, as to threaten an inconvenient increase in the number of brothers. The monks in his time lounged in all the sunny places of the convent like so many loose sacks of meal, enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* which seems to be the universal rule of southern climates. They ate and drank and slept and snored; they made pastoral visits through the surrounding community which were far from edifying; they gambled, and tiddled, and sang most unspiritual songs; and, keeping all the while their own private pass-key to paradise tucked under their girdles, were about as jolly a set of sailors to Eternity as the world had to show. In fact, the climate of Southern Italy and its gorgeous scenery are more favourable to voluptuous ecstasy than to the severe and grave warfare of the true Christian soldier. The sunny plains of Capua demoralized the soldiers of Hannibal, and it was not without a reason that ancient poets made those lovely regions the abode of Sirens whose song maddened by its sweetness, and of a Circe who made men drunk with her sensual fascinations, till they became sunk to the form of brutes. Here, if anywhere, is the lotos-eater's paradise; the purple skies, the enchanted shores, the soothing gales, the dreamy mists, all conspire to melt the energy of the will, and to make existence either a half-doze of dreamy apathy or an awaking of mad delirium.

It was not from dreamy, voluptuous Southern Italy that the religious progress of the Italian race received any vigorous impulses. These came from more northern and more mountainous regions: from the severe, clear heights of Florence, Perugia, and Assisi, where the intellectual and the moral both had somewhat of the old Etruscan earnestness and gloom.

One may easily imagine the stupid alarm and helpless confusion of these easy-going monks, when their new superior came down among them glowing with a white heat from the very hottest furnace-fires of a new religious experience—burning and quivering with the terrors of the world to come;—pale, thin, eager, tremulous, and yet with all the martial vigour of the former warrior, and all the habits of command of a former princely

station. His reforms gave no quarter; sleepy monks were dragged out to midnight-prayers, and their devotions enlivened with vivid pictures of hell-fire and ingenuities of eternal torment enough to stir the blood of the most torpid. There was to be no more gormandizing, no more wine-bibbing; the choice old wines were placed under lock and key for the use of the sick and poor in the vicinity; and every fast of the Church, and every obsolete rule of the order, were revived with unsparing rigour. It is true, they hated their new superior with all the energy which laziness and good living had left them; but every soul of them shook in their sandals before him: for there is a true and established order of mastery among human beings, and when a man of enkindled energy and intense will comes among a flock of irresolute commonplace individuals, he subjects them to himself by a sort of moral paralysis similar to what a great, vigorous gymnotus distributes among a fry of inferior fishes. The bolder ones, who made motions of rebellion, were so energetically swooped upon, and consigned to the discipline of dungeon and bread and water, that less courageous natures made a merit of siding with the more powerful party; mentally resolving to carry by fraud the points which they despaired of accomplishing by force.

On the morning we speak of, two monks might have been seen lounging on a stone bench by one of the arches, looking listlessly into the sombre garden patch we have described. The first of these, Father Anselmo, was a corpulent fellow, with an easy swing of gait, heavy animal features, and an eye of shrewd and stealthy cunning: the whole air of the man expressed the cautious, careful voluptuary. The other, Father Johannes, was thin, wiry, and elastic, with hands like birds' claws, and an eye that reminded one of the crafty cunning of a serpent. His smile was a curious blending of shrewdness and malignity. He regarded his companion from time to time obliquely from the corners of his eyes, to see what impression his words were making, and had a habit of jerking himself up in the middle of a sentence and looking warily round to see if any one was listening, which indicated habitual distrust.

"Our holy superior is out a good while this morning," he observed, in the smoothest and most silken tones; which, however, carried with them such a singular suggestion of doubt and inquiry that they seemed like an accusation.

"Ah!" was the only reply of the other, who, perceiving some intended undertone of suspicion lurking in the words, apparently resolved not to commit himself to his companion.

"Yes," continued the first speaker; "the zeal of the house of the Lord consumes him, the blessed man!"

"Blessed man!" echoed the second, rolling up his eyes, and giving a deep sigh, which shook his portly form, so that it quivered like jelly.

"If he goes on in this way much longer," said Father Johannes, "there will soon be very little of the mortal left; the saints will claim him."

Father Anselmo gave something resembling a pious groan, but darted meanwhile a shrewd observant glance at the speaker.

"What would become of the convent, were he gone?" resumed Father Johannes. "All these blessed reforms which he has brought about would fall back; for our nature is fearfully corrupt, and ever tends to wallow in the mire of sin and pollution. What changes hath he wrought in us all! To be sure, the means were sometimes severe. I remember, brother, when he had you under ground for more than ten days. My heart was pained for you; but I suppose you know that it was necessary, in order to bring you to that eminent state of sanctity where you now stand."

The heavy, sensual features of Father Anselmo flushed up with some emotion, whether of anger or of fear it was hard to tell; but he gave one hasty glance at his companion, which, if a glance could kill, would have struck him dead: then there fell over his countenance, like a veil, an expression of sanctimonious humility, as he replied,—

"Thank you for your sympathy, dearest brother. I remember, too, how I felt for you that week when you were fed only on bread and water, and had to take it on your knees off the floor, while the rest of us sat at table. How blessed it must be to have one's pride brought down in that way! When our dear, blessed superior first came, brother, you were as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; but now, what a blessed change! It must give you so much peace! How you must love him!"

"I think we love him about equally," retorted Father Johannes, his dark, thin features expressing the concentration of malignity. "His labours have been blessed among us. Not often does a faithful shepherd meet so loving a flock. I have been told that the great Peter Abelard found far less gratitude: they tried to poison him in the most holy wine."

"How absurd!" interrupted Father Anselmo, hastily; "as if the blood of the Lord—as if our Lord himself, could be made poison!"

"Brother, it is a fact," insisted the former, in tones silvery with humility and sweetness.

"A fact that the most holy blood can be poisoned?" replied the other, with horror, evidently genuine.

"I grieve to say, brother," affirmed Father Johannes, "that in my profane and worldly days I tried that experiment on a dog, and the poor brute died in five minutes. Ah, brother," he added, observing that his obese companion was now thoroughly roused, "you see before you the chief of sinners! Judas was nothing to me; and yet, such are the triumphs of grace, I am an unworthy member of this most blessed and pious brotherhood: but I do penance daily in sackcloth and ashes for my offence."

"But, Brother Johannes, was it really so? did it really happen?" inquired Father Anselmo, looking puzzled. "Where, then, is our faith?"

"Doth our faith rest on human reason, or on the evidence of our senses, Brother Anselmo? I bless God that I have arrived at that state where I can adoringly say, 'I believe, because it is impossible.' Yes,

brother, I know it to be a fact that the ungodly have sometimes destroyed holy men, like our superior, who could not be induced to taste wine for any worldly purpose, by drugging the blessed cup; so dreadful are the ragings of Satan in our corrupt nature!"

"I can't see into that," Father Anselmo protested, still looking confused.

"Brother," answered Father Johannes, "permit an unworthy sinner to remind you that you must not try to see into anything; all that is wanted of you in our most holy religion is to shut your eyes and believe: all things are possible to the eye of faith. Now, humanly speaking," he added, with a peculiar meaning look, "who would believe that you kept all the fasts of our order, and all the extraordinary ones which it hath pleased our blessed superior to lay upon us, as you surely do? A worldling might think, to look at you, that such flesh and colour must come in some way from good meat and good wine; but we remember how the three children thrive on the pulse and rejected the meat from the king's table."

The countenance of Father Anselmo expressed both anger and alarm at this home-thrust. The change did not escape the keen eye of Father Johannes, who went on.

"I directed the eyes of our holy father upon you as a striking example of the benefits of abstemious living, showing that the days of miracles are not yet past in the Church, as some sceptics would have us believe. He seemed to study you attentively. I have no doubt he will honour you with some more particular inquiries,—the blessed saint!"

Father Anselmo turned uneasily on his seat and stealthily eyed his companion, to see, if possible, how much real knowledge was expressed by his words: he then turned to quite another topic.

"How this garden has fallen to decay! We miss old Father Angelo sorely, who was always trimming and cleansing it. Our prior is too heavenly-minded to have much thought for earthly things, and so it goes."

Father Johannes watched this attempt at diversion with a glittering look of stealthy malice, and, seeming to be absorbed in contemplation, broke out again where he had left off on the unwelcome subject.

"I mind me now, Brother Anselmo, that when you came out of your cell to prayers the other night, your utterance was thick, your eyes heavy and watery, and your gait uncertain. One might suppose that you had been drunken with new wine; but we knew it was all the effect of fasting and devout contemplation, which inebriate the soul with holy raptures. I remarked the same to our holy father, and he seemed to give it earnest heed, for I saw him watching you through all the services. How blessed is such watchfulness!"

"The devil take him!" cried Father Anselmo, suddenly thrown off his guard; but, checking himself, he added, confusedly,—*"I mean"*—

"I understand you, brother," said Father Johannes; "it is a motion of the old nature not yet entirely subdued. A little more of the discipline of the lower vaults, which you have found so precious, will set all that right."

"You would not inform against me?" pleaded Father Anselmo, with an expression of alarm.

"It would be my duty, I suppose," replied Father Johannes, with a sigh: "but, sinner that I am, I never could bring my mind to such proceedings with the vigour of our blessed father. Had I been superior of the convent, as was talked of, how differently might things have proceeded! I should have erred by a sinful laxity. How fortunate that it was he, instead of such a miserable sinner as myself!"

"Well, tell me, then, Father Johannes,—for your eyes are shrewd as a lynx's,—is our good superior so perfect as he seems? or does he have his little private comforts sometimes, like the rest of us? Nobody, you know, can stand always on the top round of the ladder to paradise. For my part, between you and me, I never believed all that story they read to us so often about Saint Simon Stylites, who passed so many years on the top of a pillar and never came down."

"I am told to believe, and I do believe," said Father Johannes, casting down his eyes piously. "Dear brother, it ill befits a sinner like me to reprove; but it seemeth to me as if you make too much use of the eyes of carnal inquiry. Touching the life of our holy father, I cannot believe the most scrupulous watch can detect anything in his walk or conversation other than appear in his profession. His food is next to nothing,—a little chopped spinach, or some bitter herb cooked without salt for ordinary days, and on fast days he mingles this with ashes, according to a saintly rule. As for sleep, I believe he does without it; for at no time of the night, when I have knocked at the door of his cell, have I found him sleeping. He is always at his prayers or breviary. His cell hath only a rough, hard board for a bed, with a log of rough wood for a pillow; yet he complains of that as tempting to indolence."

Father Anselmo shrugged his fat shoulders ruefully.

"It's well," he urged, "for those who want to take this hard road to paradise; but why need they drive the flock up with them?"

"True, Brother Anselmo," returned Father Johannes; "but the flock will rejoice in it in the end. I understand he purposes to draw tighter the reins of discipline. We ought to be thankful."

"Thankful? We can't wink but six times a week now," murmured Father Anselmo; "and by-and-by he won't let us wink at all."

"Hist! hush! here he comes," said Father Johannes. "What ails him? he looks wild, like a man distraught."

In a moment more, Father Francesco strode hastily through the corridor, with his deep-set eyes dilated and glittering, and a vivid hectic flush on his hollow cheeks. He paid no regard to the salutation of the obsequious monks; in fact, he seemed scarcely to see them, but hurried, in a disordered manner, through the passages and gained the room of his cell, which he shut and locked with a violent clang.

"What has come over him now?" wondered Father Anselmo.

Father Johannes stealthily followed at some distance, and then stood

with his lean neck outstretched and his head turned in the direction where the superior had disappeared. The whole attitude of the man, with his acute glittering eye, might remind one of a serpent before darting upon his prey. "Something is working within him," he muttered to himself; "what may it be?"

Meanwhile that heavy oaken door had closed on a narrow cell, bare of everything supposed to be convenient in the abode of a human being. A table, of the rudest and most primitive construction, was garnished with a skull, whose empty eyeholes and grinning teeth were the most conspicuous objects in the room. Behind this stood a large crucifix, manifestly the work of no common master, and bearing evident traces in its workmanship of Florentine art: it was, perhaps, one of the relics of the former wealth of the nobleman who had buried his name and worldly possessions in this living sepulchre. A splendid manuscript breviary, richly illuminated, lay open on the table; the fair fancy of its flowery letters, and the lustre of gold and silver on its pages, forming a singular contrast to the squalid nakedness of everything else in the room. This book, too, had been a family heirloom; some lingering shred of human and domestic affection sheltered itself under the protection of religion in making it the companion of his self-imposed life of penance.

Father Francesco had just returned from the scene in the confessional we have already described. That day had brought to him one of those pungent and vivid inward revelations which sometimes overset in a moment some delusion that has been the cherished growth of years. Henceforth the reign of self-deception was past; there was no more self-concealment, no more evasion. He loved Agnes—he knew it: he said it over and over again to himself with a stormy intensity of energy; and in this hour the whole of his nature seemed to rise in rebellion against the awful barriers which hemmed in and threatened this passion. He now saw clearly that all which he had been calling fatherly tenderness, pastoral zeal, Christian unity, and a thousand other evangelical names, was nothing more nor less than a passion that had gone to the roots of his existence and absorbed into itself all that there was of him. Where was he to look for refuge? What hymn, what prayer had he not blent with her image? It was this that he had given to her as a holy lesson; it was that which she had spoken of to him as the best expression of her feelings. This prayer he had explained to her, and he just remembered the beautiful light in her eyes, which were fixed on his so trustingly. How dear to him had been that unquestioning devotion, that tender, innocent humility!—how dear, and how dangerous!

We have read of flowing rivulets wandering peacefully without ripple or commotion so long as no barrier stayed their course, but suddenly chafing in angry fury when an impassable dam was thrown across their waters; so, any affection, however genial and gentle in its own nature, may become an ungovernable, ferocious passion, by the intervention of fatal obstacles in its course. In the case of Father Francesco, the sense of

guilt and degradation fell like a blight over all the past, that had been so ignorantly happy. He thought he had been living on manna, but found it poison. Satan had been fooling him—leading him on blindfold and laughing at his simplicity—and now mocked at his captivity. And how nearly had he been hurried by a sudden and overwhelming influence to the very brink of disgrace! He felt himself shiver and grow cold to think of it. A moment more and he had blasted that pure ear with forbidden words of passion; and even now he remembered, with horror, the look of grave and troubled surprise in those confiding eyes, that had always looked up to him trustingly, as to God. A moment more and he had betrayed the faith he taught her, shattered her trust in the holy ministry, and perhaps imperilled her salvation. He breathed a sigh of relief when he recollected that he had not betrayed himself: he had not fallen in her esteem: he still stood on that sacred vantage-ground where his power over her was so great, and where at least he possessed her confidence and veneration. There was still time for reflection, for self-control, for a vehement struggle: but, alas! how shall a man struggle who finds his whole inner nature surging in furious rebellion against the dictates of his conscience—self against self?

It is true, also, that no passions are deeper in their hold, more pervading and more vital to the whole human being, than those which make their first entrance through the higher nature, and, beginning with a religious and poetic ideality, gradually work their way through the whole fabric of the human existence. From grosser passions, whose roots lie in the senses, there is always a refuge in man's loftier nature: he can cast them aside with contempt and leave them, as one whose lower story is flooded can remove to a higher loft and live serenely with a purer air and wider prospect. But for love that is born of ideality—of intellectual sympathy, of harmonies of the spiritual and immortal nature, of the very poetry and purity of the soul—if it be placed where reason and religion forbid its exercise and expression, what refuge but the grave—what hope but that wide eternity where all human barriers fall, all human relations end, and love ceases to be a crime? A man of the world may struggle against it by change of scene, place, and employment: he may put oceans between himself and the things that speak of what he desires to forget: he may fill the void in his life with the stirring excitement of the battlefield, or the whirl of travel from city to city, or the press of business and care. But what help is there for him whose life is tied down to the narrow sphere of the convent—to the monotony of a bare cell, to the endless repetition of the same prayers, the same chaunts, the same prostrations; especially when all that ever redeemed it from monotony has been that image and that sympathy which conscience now bids him forget?

When Father Francesco precipitated himself into his cell and locked the door, it was with the desperation of a man who flies from a mortal enemy. It seemed to him that all eyes saw just what was boiling within him—that the wild thoughts which seemed to scream their turbulent

importunities in his ears, were speaking so loud that all the world would hear. He should disgrace himself before the brethren whom he had so long been striving to bring to order and to teach the lessons of holy self-control. He saw himself pointed at, hissed at, degraded, by the very men who had quailed before his own reproofs; and scarcely when he had bolted the door behind him, did he feel himself safe. Panting and breathless, he fell on his knees before the crucifix, and, bowing his head in his hands, fell forward upon the floor. As a spent wave melts at the foot of a rock, so all his strength passed away, and he lay awhile in a kind of insensibility—a state in which, though consciously existing, he had no further control over his thoughts and feelings. In that state of dreamy exhaustion his mind seemed like a mirror, which, without vitality or will of its own, simply lies still and reflects the objects that may pass over it. As clouds sailing in the heavens cast their images, one after another, on the glassy floor of the waveless sea, so the scenes of his former life drifted in vivid pictures athwart his memory. He saw his father's palace—the wide, cool, marble halls—the gardens resounding with the voices of falling waters. He saw the fair face of his mother, and played with the jewels upon her hands. He saw again the picture of himself, in all the flush of youth and health, clattering on horseback through the streets of Florence with troops of gay young friends, now dead to him as he to them. He saw himself in the bowers of gay ladies, whose golden hair, lustrous eyes, and siren wiles came back shivering and trembling in the waters of memory in a thousand undulating reflections. There were wild revels—orgies such as Florence remembers with shame to this day. There was intermingled the turbulent din of arms, the haughty passion, the sudden provocation, the swift revenge. And then came the awful hour of conviction: the face of that wonderful man whose preaching had stirred all souls; and then those fearful days of penance—that darkness of the tomb—that dying to the world—those solemn vows, and the fearful struggles by which they had been followed.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "is it all in vain?—so many prayers? so many struggles?—and shall I fail of salvation at last?"

He seemed to himself as a swimmer, who, having exhausted his last gasp of breath in reaching the shore, is suddenly lifted up on a cruel wave and drawn back into the deep. There seemed nothing for him but to fold his arms and sink.

For he felt no strength now to resist—he felt no wish to conquer; he only prayed that he might lie there and die. It seemed to him that the love which possessed him and tyrannized over his very being, was a doom—a curse sent upon him by some malignant fate, with whose power it was vain to struggle. He detested his work—he detested his duties—he loathed his vows: there was not a thing in his whole future to which he looked forward otherwise than with the extreme of aversion; except that one to which he clung with a bitter and defiant tenacity—the spiritual guidance of Agnes. Guidance!—he laughed aloud, in the bitterness

of his soul, as he thought of this. He was her guide—her confessor; to him she was bound to reveal every change of feeling; and this love that he too well perceived rising in her heart for another—he would wring from her own confessions the means to repress and circumvent it. If she could not be his, he might at least prevent her from belonging to any other; he might at least keep her always within the sphere of his spiritual authority. Had he not a right to do this?—had he not a right to cherish an evident vocation—a right to reclaim her from the embrace of an excommunicated infidel, and present her as a chaste bride at the altar of the Lord? Perhaps, when that was done—when an irrevocable barrier should separate her from all possibility of earthly love, and the awful marriage-rite should have been spoken which should seal her heart for heaven alone—he might recover some of the blessed calm which her influence once brought over him, and these wild desires might cease and these feverish pulses be still.

Such were the vague images and dreams of the past and future that floated over his mind, as he lay in a heavy sort of lethargy on the floor of his cell, and hour after hour passed away. It grew afternoon, and the radiance of evening came on. The window of the cell overlooked the broad Mediterranean, all one blue glitter of smiles and sparkles; the white-winged boats were flitting lightly to and fro, like gauzy-winged insects in the summer air, and the song of the fishermen drawing their nets on the beach floated cheerily upward. Capri lay like a half-dissolved opal in shimmering clouds of mist; Naples gleamed out pearly clear in the purple distance; and Vesuvius, with its cloud-spotted sides, its garlanded villas and villages, its silvery crown of vapour, seemed a warm-hearted and genial old giant lying down in his gorgeous repose and holding all things on his heaving bosom in a kindly embrace.

So was the earth flooded with light and glory, that the tide poured into the cell, giving the richness of an old Venetian painting to its bare and squalid furniture. The crucifix glowed along all its sculptured lines with rich golden hues; the breviary, whose many-coloured leaves fluttered as the wind from the sea drew inward, was yet brighter in its gorgeous tints: it seemed a sort of devotional butterfly perched before the grinning skull, which was bronzed by the enchanted light into warmer tones of colour, as if some remembrance of what once it saw and felt came back upon it. So also the bare, miserable board which served for the bed, and its rude pillow, were glorified. A stray sunbeam, too, fluttered down on the floor like a pitying spirit, to light up that pale, thin face, whose classic outlines had now a sharp, yellow setness, like that of swooning or death; it seemed to linger compassionately on the sunken, wasted cheeks, on the long black lashes that fell over the deep hollows beneath the eyes like a funeral veil. Poor man! lying crushed and torn, like a piece of rock-wood wrenched from its rock by a storm and thrown up withered upon the beach!

From the leaves of the breviary there depends, by a fragment of gold

braid, a sparkling something that wavers and glitters in the evening light. It is a cross of the cheapest and simplest material, that once belonged to Agnes; she lost it from her rosary at the confessional. Father Francesco saw it fall, yet would not warn her of the loss, for he longed to possess something that had belonged to her: he made it a mark to one of her favourite hymns. She never knew where it had gone: little could she dream, in her simplicity, what a power she held over the man who seemed to her an object of such awful veneration. Little did she dream that the poor little tinsel cross had such a mighty charm with it, and that she herself, in her childlike simplicity, her ignorant innocence, her peaceful tenderness and trust, was raising such a turbulent storm of passion in the heart which she supposed to be above the reach of all human changes.

Now, through the golden air, the Ave Maria is sounding from the convent-bells, and answered by a thousand tones and echoes from the churches of the old town; all Christendom gives a moment's adoring pause to celebrate the moment when an angel addressed to a mortal maiden words that had been wept and prayed for during thousands of years. Dimly they sounded through his ear, in that half-deadly trance; not with plaintive sweetness and motherly tenderness, but like notes of doom and vengeance. He felt rebellious impulses within, which rose up in hatred against them, and all that recalled to his mind the faith which seemed a tyranny, and the vows which appeared to him such a hopeless and miserable failure.

But now there came other sounds, nearer and more earthly. His quickened senses perceived a busy patter of sandalled feet outside his cell, and a whispering of consultation; and then the silvery, snaky tones of Father Johannes, which had that oily, penetrative quality that passes through all substances with such distinctness.

"Brethren," it said, "I feel bound in conscience to knock. Our blessed superior carries his mortifications altogether too far. His faithful sons must beset him with filial inquiries."

The condition in which Father Francesco was lying, like many abnormal states of extreme exhaustion, seemed to be attended with a mysterious quickening of the magnetic forces and intuitive perceptions. He felt the hypocrisy of those tones, and they sounded in his ear like the suppressed hiss of a deadly serpent. He had always suspected that this man hated him to the death; and he felt now that he was come with his stealthy tread and his almost supernatural power of prying observation, to read the very inmost secrets of his heart. He knew that he longed for nothing so much as the power to hurl him from his place and to reign in his stead; and the instinct of self-defence roused him. He started up as one starts from a dream, waked by a whisper in the ear, and, raising himself on his elbow, looked towards the door.

A cautious rap was heard, and then a pause. Father Francesco smiled with a peculiar and bitter expression. The raps became louder

and more energetic; stormy at last, intermingled with vehement calls on his name.

Father Francesco rose at length, settled his garments, passed his hands over his brow, and then, composing himself to an expression of deliberate gravity, opened the door and stood before them.

"Holy father," said Father Johannes, "the hearts of your sons have been saddened. A whole day have you withdrawn your presence from our devotions. We feared you might have fainted; your pious austerities so often transcend the powers of Nature."

"I grieve to have saddened the hearts of such affectionate sons," replied the prior, fixing his eye keenly on Father Johannes; "but I have been performing a peculiar office of prayer to-day for a soul in deadly peril, and have been so absorbed therein that I have known nothing that passed. There is a soul among us, brethren," he added, "that stands at this moment so near to damnation that even the most blessed Mother of God is in doubt for its salvation; and whether it can be saved at all God only knows."

These words, rising up from a tremendous groundswell of repressed feeling, had a fearful, almost supernatural, earnestness that made the body of the monks tremble. Most of them were conscious of living but a shabby, shambling, dissembling life, evading in every possible way the efforts of their superior to bring them up to the requirements of their profession; and therefore, when these words were poured out among them with such a glowing intensity, every one of them began mentally feeling for the key of his own private and interior skeleton closet, and wondering which of their ghastly occupants was coming to light now.

Father Johannes alone was unmoved, because he had long since ceased to have a conscience: a throb of moral pulsation had for years been an impossibility to the dried and hardened fibre of his inner nature. He was one of those real, genuine, thorough unbelievers in all religion, and all faith, and all spirituality, whose unbelief grows only more callous by the constant handling of sacred things. Ambition was the ruling motive of his life, and every faculty was sharpened into such acuteness under its action that his penetration seemed at times almost preternatural. While he stood with downcast eyes and hands crossed upon his breast, listening to the burning words which remorse and despair wrung from his superior, he was calmly and warily studying to see what could be made of the evident interior conflict that convulsed him. Was there some secret sin? Had that sanctity at last found the temptation that was more than a match for it? And what could it be?

To a nature with any strong combative force there is no tonic like the presence of a secret and powerful enemy, and the stealthy glances of Father Johannes' serpent eye did more towards restoring Father Francesco to a calm self-mastery than the most conscientious struggles could have done. He grew calm, resolved, determined. Self-respect was dear to him; and no less dear to him was that reflection of self-respect which a

man reads in other eyes. He would not forfeit his conventual honour, or bring a stain on his order, or, least of all, expose himself to the scoffing eye of a triumphant enemy. Such were the motives that now came to his aid, while as yet the whole of his inner nature rebelled at the thought that he must tear up by the roots and wholly extirpate this love that seemed to have sent its fine fibres through every nerve of his being. "No!" he said to himself, with a fierce interior rebellion, "*that* I will not do! Right or wrong, come heaven, come hell, I *will* love her! if lost I must be, lost I will be!" While this determination lasted, prayer seemed to him a mockery. He dared not pray alone now, when most he needed prayer; but he moved forward with dignity towards the convent-chapel to lead the vesper devotions of his brethren. Outwardly he was calm and rigid as a statue; but as he commenced the service, his utterance had a terrible meaning and earnestness that were felt even by the most drowsy and leaden of his flock. It is singular how the dumb, imprisoned soul, locked within the walls of the body, sometimes gives such a piercing power to the tones of the voice during the access of a great agony. The effect is entirely involuntary, and often against the most strenuous opposition of the will; but one sometimes hears another reading or repeating words with an intense vitality, a living force, which tells of some inward anguish or conflict of which the language itself gives no expression.

Never were the long-drawn intonations of the chants and prayers of the Church pervaded by a more terrible, wild fervour than the superior that night breathed into them. They seemed to wail, to supplicate, to combat, to menace—to sink in despairing pauses of helpless anguish, and anon to rise in stormy agonies of passionate importunity; and the monks quailed and trembled, they scarce knew why, with forebodings of coming wrath and judgment.

In the evening exhortation, which it had been the superior's custom to add to the prayers of the vesper-hour, he dwelt with a terrible and ghastly eloquence on the loss of the soul.

"Brethren," he said, "believe me, the very first hour of a damned spirit in hell will outweigh all the prosperities of the most prosperous life. If you could gain the whole world, that one hour of hell would outweigh it all; how much more such miserable, pitiful scraps and fragments of the world as they gain, who, for the sake of a little fleshly ease, neglect the duties of a holy profession! There is a broad way to hell through a convent, my brothers, where miserable wretches go who have neither the spirit to serve the devil wholly, nor the patience to serve God. There be many shaven crowns that gnash their teeth in hell to-night; many a monk's robe is burning on its owner in living fire, and the devils call him a fool for choosing to be damned in so hard a way. 'Could you not come here by some easier road than a cloister?' they ask. 'If you must sell your soul, why did you not get something for it?' Brethren, there be devils waiting for some of us; they are laughing at your paltry shifts and evasions, at your efforts to make things easy; for they know how it will

all end at last. Rouse yourselves! Awake! Salvation is no easy matter: nothing to be got between sleeping and waking. Watch, pray, scourge the flesh, fast, weep, bow down in sackcloth, mingle your bread with ashes, if by any means ye may escape the everlasting fire!"

"Bless me!" cried Father Anselmo, when the services were over, casting a half-scared glance after the retreating figure of the prior as he left the chapel, and drawing a long breath; "it's enough to make one sweat to hear him go on. What has come over him? Anyhow, I'll give myself a hundred lashes this very night: something must be done."

"Well," said another, "I confess I did hide a cold wing of fowl in the sleeve of my gown last fast-day. My old aunt gave it to me, and I was forced to take it for my relation's sake; but I'll do so no more, as I'm a living sinner. I'll do a penance this very night."

Father Johannes stood under one of the arches that looked into the gloomy garden, and, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his cold, glittering eye fixed stealthily now on one and now on another, listened with an ill-disguised sneer to these hasty evidences of fear and remorse in the monks, as they thronged the corridor on the way to their cells. Suddenly, turning to a young brother who had lately joined the convent, he asked,—

"And what of the pretty Clarice, my brother?"

The blood flushed deep into the pale cheek of the young monk, and his frame shook with some interior emotion, as he answered,—

"She is recovering."

"And she sent for thee to shrive her?"

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, with an imploring, wild expression in his dark eyes, "she did; but I would not go."

"Then nature is still strong," said Father Johannes, pitilessly eyeing the young man.

"When will it ever die?" returned the stripling, with a despairing gesture; "it heeds neither heaven nor hell."

"Well, patience, boy; if you have lost an earthly bride, you have gained a heavenly one. The Church is our espoused in white linen. Bless the Lord, without ceasing, for the exchange."

There was an inexpressible mocking irony in the tones in which this was said, that made itself felt to the finely vitalized spirit of the youth; though, to all the rest, it sounded like the accredited average pious talk which is more or less the current coin of religious conversations.

Now, no one knows through what wanton devilry Father Johannes broached this painful topic with the poor youth; but he had a peculiar faculty, with his smooth tones and his sanctimonious smiles, of thrusting red-hot needles into any wounds which he either knew or suspected under the coarse woollen robes of his brethren. He appeared to do it in all coolness, in a way of psychological investigation.

He smiled, as the youth turned away, and a moment after started, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"I have it!" he muttered to himself. "A woman may be the

cause of this discomposure of our holy father; for he is wrought upon by something, to the very bottom of his soul. I have not studied human nature so many years for nothing. Father Francesco hath been much in the guidance of women: his preaching hath wrought upon them, and perchance among them. Aha!" he murmured, as he paced up and down, "I have it! I'll try an experiment upon him!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE SERPENT'S EXPERIMENT.

FATHER FRANCESCO sat leaning his head on his hand by the window of his cell, looking out upon the sea as it rose and fell, with the reflections of the fast coming stars glittering like so many jewels on its breast. The glow of evening had almost faded, but there was a wan, tremulous light from the moon, and a clearness, produced by the reflection of such an expanse of water, which still rendered objects in his cell quite discernible.

In the terrible denunciations and warnings just uttered, he had been preaching to himself; striving to bring a force on his own soul by which he might reduce its interior rebellion to submission. But, alas! when was ever love cast out by fear? He knew not, as yet, the only remedy for such sorrow,—that there is a love celestial and divine, of which earthly love in its purest form is only the sacramental symbol and emblem, and that this divine love can, by God's power, so outflow human affections as to bear the soul above all earthly idols to its only immortal rest. This great truth rises like a rock amid stormy seas; but many is the sailor struggling in salt and bitter waters who cannot yet believe it is to be found. A few saints like Saint Augustin had reached it; but through what buffetings, what anguish!

At this moment, however, there was in the heart of Father Francesco one of those collapses which follow the crisis of some mortal struggle. He leaned on the window-sill, exhausted and helpless.

Suddenly, a kind of illusion of the senses came over him, such as is not infrequent to sensitive natures in severe crises of mental anguish. He thought he heard Agnes singing, as he had sometimes heard her when he had called in his pastoral ministrations at the little garden and paused awhile outside that he might hear her finish a favourite hymn, which, like a shy bird, she sang all the more sweetly for thinking herself alone. Soft and sweet and solemn was the illusion, as if some spirit breathed them with a breath of tenderness over his soul; and throwing himself with a burst of tears before the crucifix, he ejaculated: "O Jesus, where, then, art Thou? Why must I thus suffer? She is not the one altogether lovely; it is Thou—Thou, her Creator and mine! Why, why cannot I find Thee? Oh, take from my heart all other love but Thine alone!"

Yet even this very prayer was blent with the remembrance of Agnes;

for was it not she who first had taught him the lesson of heavenly love? Was not she the first one who had taught him to look upward to Jesus, other than as an avenging judge? Michel Angelo has embodied in a fearful painting, which now deforms the Sistine Chapel, that image of stormy vengeance which a religion degenerated by force and fear had substituted for the tender, good shepherd of earlier Christianity. It was only in the heart of a lowly maiden that Christ had been made manifest to the eye of the monk, as of old he was revealed to the world through a virgin. And how could he, then, forget her, or cease to love her, when every prayer and hymn, every sacred round of the ladder by which he must climb, was so full of memorials of her? While crying and panting for the superior, the divine, the invisible love, he found his heart still craving the visible one; the one so well known, revealing itself to the senses, and bringing with it the certainty of visible companionship.

As he was thus kneeling and wrestling with himself, a sudden knock at his door startled him. He had made it a point, never, at any hour of the day or night, to deny himself to a brother who sought him for counsel, however disagreeable the person and however unreasonable the visit. He therefore rose and unbolted the door, and saw Father Johannes standing with folded arms and downcast head, in an attitude of composed humility.

"What would you with me, brother?" he asked, calmly.

"My father, I have a wrestling of mind for one of our brethren whose case I would present to you."

"Come in, my brother," said the superior. At the same time he lighted a little iron lamp of antique form, such as are still in common use in that region, and, seating himself on the board which served for his couch, made a motion to Father Johannes to be seated also.

The latter sat down, eyeing, as he did so, the whole interior of the apartment, so far as it was revealed by the glimmer of the taper.

"Well, my son," resumed Father Francesco, "what is it?"

"I have my doubts of the spiritual safety of Brother Bernard," said Father Johannes.

"Wherefore?" returned the prior, briefly.

"Holy father, you are aware of the history of the brother, and of the worldly affliction that drove him to this blessed profession?"

"I am," replied the superior, with the same brevity.

"He narrated it to me fully," continued Father Johannes. "The maiden he was betrothed to was married to another during his absence on a long journey, she being craftily made to suppose him dead."

"I tell you I know the circumstances," reiterated the prior.

"I merely recalled them, because—moved, doubtless, by your sermon—he dropped words to me to-night which led me to suppose that this sinful, earthly love was not yet extirpated from his soul. Of late the woman was sick, and nigh unto death, and sent for him."

"But he did not go?" interposed Father Francesco.

"No, he did not:—grace was given him thus far;—but he dropped words to me to the effect that in secret he still cherished the love of this woman. The awful words your reverence has been speaking to us to-night have moved me with fear for the youth's soul; of the which I, as an elder brother, have had some charge, and I came to consult with you as to what help there might be for him."

Father Francesco turned away his head a moment, and there was a pause; at last he ejaculated, in a tone that seemed like the throb of some deep, interior anguish,—

"The Lord help him!"

"Amen!" responded Father Johannes, taking keen note of the apparent emotion.

"You must have experience in these matters, my father," he resumed, after a pause; "so many hearts have been laid open to you. I would crave to know of you what you think is the safest and most certain cure for this love of woman, if once it hath got possession of the heart."

"*Death!*" pronounced Father Francesco, after a solemn pause.

"I do not understand you," said Father Johannes.

"My son," retorted Father Francesco, rising up with an air of authority, "you do *not* understand:—there is nothing in you by which you should understand. This unhappy brother hath opened his case to me, and I have counselled him all I know of prayer, and fastings, and watchings, and mortifications; let him persevere in the same, and if all these fail, the good Lord will send the other in his own time. There is an end to all things in this life, and that end shall certainly come at last. Bid him persevere, and hope in this. And now, brother," added the prior, with dignity, "if you have no other query—time flies, and eternity comes on:—go, watch and pray, and leave me to my prayers also."

He raised his hand with a gesture of benediction, and Father Johannes, awed in spite of himself, felt impelled to leave the apartment.

"Is it so, or is it not?" he muttered to himself. "I cannot tell. He did seem to wince and turn away his head when I proposed the case; but then he made fight at last. I cannot tell whether I have got any advantage or not. But patience! we shall see!"



Comfort in Grief.

